POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED · BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

THE CONSTABLE EXAMINED THE MYSTERIOUS PARCEL.

(See The Murder of Harriet Lane, by Henry Wainwright.)

Vol. IV.—No. 50.

HOW HENRY WAINWRIGHT KILLED HARRIET LANE.

"Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated face athwart my way?"

—MILTON, "Paradise Lost."

PART I.

IN the first half of last century a widow was living in a village some little distance out of London with her sons. She was said to be fairly well connected, and was received by most of the county families in the district. With only two of her offspring have we to do, namely, Henry and Thomas, his younger brother. The lady's name was Wainwright, a name which was later dragged down in the dust by the subjects of this article.

The widow's scanty means did not permit of her giving her sons a public school education, but she did the best she could for them, and confided them to the care of a clergyman who kept a private academy, run on the lines of his own beloved Eton. There they learned the rudiments of the Classics and were well fitted for any position in life to which they might aspire.

When the boys grew to man's estate the mother was greatly exercised in her mind as to what calling to put them to. Henry was fond of praise, liked the gaudy side of life, loved to be the first in all sports, not because he liked to excel, but because it brought him a fair meed of adulation. From this it can be readily seen that he was rather weak-minded and susceptible to anything approaching sarcasm. He was, therefore, rather a difficult subject to keep in the right way. His brother Thomas, on the contrary, was reserved and secretive, and he fully appreciated the defects in Henry's character. To all outward appearances he was the acme of uprightness, but in reality he was accustomed to force others to do any dirty work that might be on hand for him, and then himself keep clear of the blame.

After much thought she decided to put these two youths into business, and accordingly sent them to the Metropolis, where they commenced as brushmakers. For this purpose the elder took a warehouse at 215, Whitechapel Road, premises destined later to become notorious if not famous.

At first Henry was inclined to be strictly sober and religious, but his younger brother jeered at him, and chaff was a thing that the elder Wainwright could never stand, so he joined his gayer brother in several of his night escapades, and entered the giddy whirl of what was then considered to be the "only London for men." In other words, he frequented public-houses by day, and lounged about behind the scenes of third-rate theatres and music-halls at night.

It has been said that Henry Wainwright suffered a great loss about this period of his career, but whether this is actually the case or not has never been accurately determined; but it has been stated to have been the primary cause of his falling under the influence of his brother.

Time seems to have softened the blow, and somewhere about 1868 Henry married and settled down in Tredegar Square, and four children were the fruits of the alliance.

From time to time Henry tried to shake off the evil influence of Thomas, but the latter, fearing that if he did so he might also wish to take the actual management of the business as well as the nominal control, always contrived to intersperse a few sneers in his apparent acquiescence, and thus get his brother under his control again.

"It will be as good as marriage, you know."

A few months after Henry married Thomas also entered the bonds of matrimony, but he seems to have thought lightly of them and to have done his best to make his brother as unfaithful to his wife as he was to his own spouse.

"What does it matter, my dear fellow," he would say, "we are neither of us milksops and our wives do not expect us to be paragons of virtue."

"But it is wrong," protested his elder brother. "We promised to be faithful and loyal husbands—at least, I did."

"Oh, that's all nonsense! No one takes these things literally in the present day."

With a heavy heart Henry allowed himself to be drawn by his wretch of a brother to the stage doors of theatres again, stifling the qualms of conscience which he undoubtedly felt.

acquaintance of Henry Wainwright, and he—still true to his wife—preserved towards her merely the Platonic affection of an elder brother, and never overstepped the bounds of the strictest propriety.

Alice amused him for some little time, but the evil counsels of Thomas prevailing, he sought farther afield.

One evening he met Harriet Lane, a virtuous girl, slight, petite, pretty, fascinating, with great masses of golden-red hair gathered at the top of her head. She was young and innocent-and had no thought that anybody could do her harm. Night after night they met, till the heart of the poor girl was entirely in the keeping of Henry Wainwright.

It is shameful, but one evening Henry proposed to Harriet, who was living with her parents, that she should come and live with him. "It will be as good as marriage, you know," he said; "and as soon as certain little difficulties have been cleared up I will marry you in church."

HE PRODUCED A COUPLE OF TELEGRAMS.

Do not let it be supposed for a moment that we imagine all the talented persons who make their living on the stage to be immoral. Heaven forbid! There are a vast number of the purest and best in the land to be found behind the footlights, and many of them by their lives as well as by their acting preach living sermons which would grace any pulpit. But the people with whom the Wainwrights consorted were not of this class; they were those who are regarded with pity by the pure girls who follow Thespis—pity that they have succumbed to the terrible temptations which beset the poor actress, sorrow that poverty should have driven them to the trade of Rahab. But even among the class who were thus generally grouped together there were to be found virtuous maidens who had no thought of sin, had no idea of dishonour.

One of these was Alice Day, a simple ballet girl, condemned because of her profession, which to-day is held in high esteem, for the times have changed. She made the

At first the girl refused, but her heart yearned for the only man she had ever loved, and she eventually consented to be taken to a house in Whitechapel. There she was treated with the greatest kindness by Wainwright, and was led to believe that she was virtually married to him. He had given his name as King to the landlady and Harriet was always known as Mrs. King.

This step was not taken without some opposition on the part of the girl's parents, but when they realised that she had gone and was really happy with her reputed husband, they forgave her to a certain extent. All this took place in the year 1871, and in the following year a little child was born to "Mr. and Mrs. King." It was about this time that Harriet Lane first began to suspect that she did not possess all Henry's love, for when she was approaching her confinement he seldom came to see her, and only sent scanty sums of money occasionally, leaving her to the tender mercies of her landlady, who was a

motherly soul, and fully believed that the couple had been lawfully united. Business—the cares of business—Wainwright pleaded, when upbraided with his neglectfulness, while to his mistress he whispered that the time of actual marriage was fast drawing nigh, and that his frequent absences were really for the purpose of bringing about that desirable consummation. In reality, his lawful wife required much of his attention at home, for she, too, was about to present him with his third son, and he did not dare to leave her for too long.

Wainwright often threw coal at the animal.

From this it may be imagined that he was really a domestic man, but though his natural bent was that way, Thomas took good care that he should not escape from the meshes of the net into which he had become entangled, fearing that should his brother "turn pious" he might reveal to Mrs. Thomas some nasty little particulars of her spouse's private life, which would be very inconvenient, since he had married for money.

In 1873 the Kings removed to 70, Peter Street, the house of a Mrs. Wilmore, and there another child was born. Mrs. Wilmore was very kind to Harriet, and treated her more like a daughter than a lodger, sitting with her and helping her to look after the babies. Wainwright was a bad paymaster, and often the poor landlady had to wait weeks for her money. Still, she never complained, but comforted the young mother while her husband was away. She also had no idea that the pair were not man and wife, for Harriet wore a wedding-ring and a keeper, and on more than one occasion she spoke to Henry Wainwright about neglecting his girl-wife.

The couple remained with Mrs. Wilmore till April, 1874, when Henry proposed to her that she should take charge of his two children, and that he and his wife should move to 3, Sidney Square, to a house kept by a Mrs. Foster. He promised to pay Mrs. Wilmore £5 per month, but he only once paid that entire sum, and subsequently gave her little driblets of a pound or two, after which payments ceased altogether.

After her close intimacy with Mrs. King, it is not to be wondered at that Mrs. Wilmore paid her several visits at the Foster's house, and cemented their friendship.

Attending to his two wives, as well as the vagaries of Thomas Wainwright, his brother, soon involved Henry in financial difficulties, and the firm of Wainwright Brothers had to be dissolved, Thomas going to work at an ironmonger's, and Henry attempting to carry on the business as best he could. At this time he was also occupying premises at 84, Whitechapel Road, though his "second wife" did not know it.

Among the many friends or acquaintances which Henry made in his wild life about town was one Mr. Freake, a well-known architect. The couple got fairly friendly, and one day he asked him to call at 3, Sidney Square, and give a message to Mrs. King there, at the same time giving him a note to Harriet, which ran as follows:

"DEAR PET,—E. F. is coming down at 7 to-night, and will give you a call and a message from me."

From this we may fairly conclude that Freake had been to the house at least once before, otherwise Harriet would not have known who "E. F." was.

Thus matters went on till the commencement of September, 1874, when Harriet suddenly announced to her landlady that she was going to live with Henry King at 215, Whitechapel Road, and left the premises with only a small bundle. She certainly did go to Whitechapel, and thereafter was never seen alive. Ever since her joining "King" she had been on good terms with her family, and frequently wrote to them or went to see them. When, therefore, all communication suddenly ceased, her relations began to get uneasy, and at last Mrs. Taylor, a married sister of the missing woman, went to 215, Whitechapel Road to inquire of Wainwright if he knew anything about the vanished lady. To her surprise, she was told that Wainwright was not then living at that address, but would be found at No. 84 in the same street. Thither she went, and saw Henry, who told her that it was all right. Harriet had got tired of him, and had gone off with a gentleman who had come into an immense fortune—a Mr. Freake.

For the moment that satisfied Mrs. Taylor, for the poor woman thought that when she had time her sister would write, though she felt sorrowful to think that Harriet was determined to pursue a life of sin. Two months went by, and still no news came of Harriet Lane; so Mrs. Taylor again applied to Wainwright, and again was put off with excuses. But a third time she returned to the charge, and then Wainwright saw that her suspicions must be allayed at all costs; so he produced from his pocket a couple of telegrams, which he read to her. The first ran:

"I have the missing lady under my protection. I dare you or anyone else to annoy her in any way."

This was supposed to be signed by Mr. Freake.
The second was as follows:

"We are now off to Paris, and mean to have a jolly spree."

Wainwright would not allow Mrs. Taylor to look at the telegrams, but rolled them up and thrust them back into his pocket. A letter was also read, which was supposed to be from Mr. Freake, to the effect that Harriet was well, and that she had gone from Wainwright because the latter did not provide her with sufficient money and was no longer fond of her. At the same time it stated that she was well, and in comfortable circumstances. With this Mrs. Taylor had to be content.

Not so Mr. Lane, the missing girl's father. He thought that there was too much excuse and too little proof, so off he went to 84, Whitechapel Road and demanded to see Wainwright. Henry came down to meet the irate parent,

SOMETHING URGED HIM TO LOOK AT THE BRISTLES.

who insisted on knowing whether his daughter was alive or dead; if the latter, he wished to know where she was buried. Wainwright told him the same story that he had poured into the ears of Mrs. Taylor, but the old man would have none of it and protested that Harriet had not gone off with Mr. Freake. Then Henry lost his head and said that it was a mistake, he meant "a man with a moustache." Strange as it may appear, this seemed even more satisfactory to Mr. Lane than the former excuses, and after one or two desultory inquiries he let the matter drop and formally demanded his daughter's belongings from her late lodgings and received them.

This was in January, 1875, but in the meantime there had been certain changes going on at 215, Whitechapel Road. Business was far from prosperous with Henry Wainwright, and, indeed, it seems that Thomas was not doing much better. To try and overcome his monetary troubles Henry set hard to work, and was frequently in his workshop. He had a manager named Rogers, and a lad named Stokes, who acted more or less as a labourer.

Rogers had a smart little dog which used to run about the workroom and was continually scurrying after rats, but there was one spot about sixteen feet from the back door where he apparently located the rats' home, for he was to be seen scratching at the boards and sniffing round about whenever he could get a chance. Wainwright often threw a piece of stick or a fragment of coal at the animal, saying that he got under the men's feet, scratching in the middle of the room, and Rogers thought no more about it. One day, however, the manager and his wife went out, leaving Henry in the warehouse with the dog. When they came back their pet had vanished as completely as had Harriet Lane, though no messages came as to his whereabouts.

Rogers grieved over the loss of his little dog, but his master told him that the animal had gone out and had never returned, so the manager, knowing the proclivities of the denizens of Whitechapel, thought that it had been picked up by some loafer and sold for a few pence to a "doggy man."

Towards the end of October Rogers noticed a very peculiar smell in the warehouse or workshop, and could not think what caused it. Day after day it got more overpowering. It was a sickly smell, partly chemical, partly like bad drains. At last he spoke about it to Wainwright, who replied that he had also noticed the odour, but it was due to some chloride of lime which he used occasionally for bleaching dirty bristles, and he had put some of it down the drain traps round the building, as he thought that they were rather defective. That was reasonable

enough, and by degrees the odour vanished and was thought no more about.

In spite of his hard work matters went from bad to worse with Henry Wainwright, and, to add to his misfortunes, his warehouse took fire at the commencement of the New Year. Wainwright was on the spot in a minute, and was untiring in his exertions—or apparently was—to save his property. As it was considerable damage was done, though all the stock was not destroyed. In his anxiety to make the most of his misfortune, Henry went off to the Insurance Company the first thing next morning.

Wainwright meets Alice Day.

Now the Insurance Companies at that time had been what our Colonial friends would call "fed up" with mysterious fires, for the operations of the Great Fire Ring were still fresh in their memories, and their ledgers still showed the disbursements caused by systematic arson, so they looked rather askance at Mr. Henry Wainwright, and referred the matter back for consideration and report, proposing to send experts to thoroughly examine the place before they paid at all.

"That will throw all my work back," remarked our hero; "and I can ill afford to wait for money just at present, so if you won't pay, you won't, and I must make it up in business." So he dropped his demand for payment, saying that he would re-open the matter at a later date.

Nothing eventful occurred till bankruptcy overtook Henry Wainwright, and he saw absolute ruin staring him in the face. As a matter of course, he would have to vacate his premises at 215, and he made arrangements for doing so.

On the 10th of September, 1875, he purchased some black American cloth, and took it to his warehouse. On the 12th of September he called his lad Stokes and said to him: "See these two packages? Well, pick 'em up, will you, and take 'em out to a cab. I'll give you a hand with one. Wait a moment; there's old Johnson in the court, and I don't want to see him."

Stokes did as he was bid, when the coast was clear, and helped Wainwright to carry the two bundles, which were covered in black American cloth, to the end of Vine Court, for they had left by the back door. When the couple got into the Whitechapel Road, Wainwright put down his parcel beside the church there, and told his lad to watch it while he hailed a cab. Stokes had noticed that the parcels smelt curiously, and pressed his master to know what was the matter. He remarked that it was only the smell of bristles which had been for a long time under the straw. "And mind," he added, "that shovel, chopper and hammer which I showed you are for yourself. Take 'em home and sell 'em." Then Wainwright ran off to fetch the cab, and Stokes watched the parcels.

Something urged him to have a look at the bristles. He tried to repress his curiosity, but he felt the more strongly impelled to have "just one peep."

He did so, and his blood ran cold. What had he seen? What, indeed?

At that instant Wainwright came up with the vehicle, and the two packages were placed inside on the front seat of the four-wheeler. The manufacturer of bristle brushes got in, closed the door, and called out: "Commercial Road, cabby, for all you're worth. I'll see you again, Stokes. I'll come round to your place to-night. Drive on, cabby."

Stokes was dumbfounded for an instant, and for a moment watched the "growler" drive away.

But he soon awoke and gave chase.

He ran as fast as he could, but seemed to make little progress. Catching sight of two policemen he gasped out to them: "That cab—ahead there—stop it—two parcels!"

The constables laughed at him, thinking that he was a madman, and, seeing that they would do nothing for him, he continued on his wild pursuit. He was losing fast when he saw the vehicle stop near a public-house in the Greenfield Road.

Wainwright got out, and was about to enter the tavern when he saw his old friend Alice Day.

"Will you come for a ride, Alice?" he asked. "I have a cab waiting out here."

"Yes, if you can get me home by a quarter to six," the girl replied; "I have to go to the theatre then."

"That'll be all right," answered Wainwright. "I have these two parcels to leave in the Borough Road, and then we can have a short drive."

Alice jumped in, and Wainwright followed, and the cabby was directed to get along as fast as he could to a building known as the "Hen and Chickens," in the Borough. The premises were originally a cheap emporium, and had been in the possession of Thomas Wainwright, who had parted with them on a bill of sale, and they had since been acquired by Henry.

That little delay was fatal to Wainwright, for Stokes was now gaining fast—at least, he managed to keep the cab in sight in spite of corners.

"What a nasty smell!" thought Alice to herself, but as the sun was shining on the oilcloth, she put it down to that. Her companion was smoking a very strong cigar. At last the odour became so unbearable that she remarked to Wainwright about it, but he only said: "Don't talk for a little, Alice; I want to think." And he handed her a newspaper to read.

The smell from the packages even overpowered the full flavour of Wainwright's cigar, and Alice was beginning to think that she had a pleasant sort of afternoon jaunt before her, when the cab pulled up at a rather dilapidated warehouse which had obviously been a shop. Wainwright got out and took one of the parcels, and disappeared into

the building with it. But Stokes was close behind. He met two policemen, who were more intelligent than their fellows, and panted out:

"That cab—two parcels—body—get them!"

Constables Cox and Turner scented something wrong, and ran up to the four-wheeler just as Wainwright was emerging from the Hen and Chickens. They said nothing till Henry took the second package from the cab, and was about to enter the house. Then one of the officers put his hand on Wainwright's shoulder, and asked: "Do you live in there?"

"No," replied the man.

"Have you possession of the premises?"

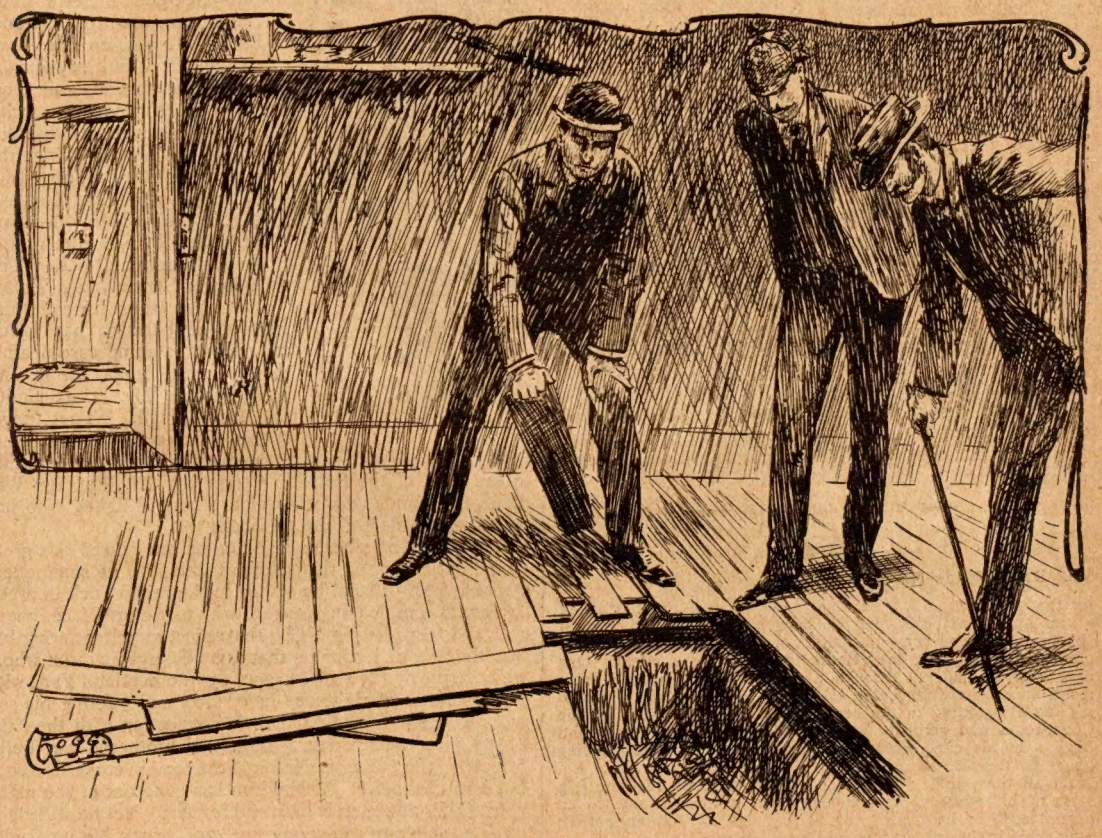
"I have and you haven't," was the cheeky response.

"What have you got in that parcel?" was the next question asked by P.C. Turner. "And what have you done with the other?"

human hand could just be distinguished. Hastily wrapping up his awful burden again, the constable turned to Wainwright, and said: "You will have to come to the police station with me and explain this. And you come along, too," he added to Alice. "You're in this also, I think."

In the agony of the minute Alice blurted out something about having been waiting for her husband, but there is no doubt that she was so dazed that she really did not know what she was saying.

They were taken to Stone's End Station, the constables remarking on the road to one another that it was one of the worst cases that they had ever seen. There they were charged before Inspector Fox with being in unlawful possession of a portion of a human body; but the two packages were not fully investigated till Dr. Larkin, the police surgeon, arrived.



THE DETECTIVES WRENCHED UP THE PLANKS.

Wainwright said nothing; so Turner asked Cox to go into the house and secure the first package.

"Now, then—let's have a look at this," pursued Turner as Cox came out with the second evil-smelling bundle.

"Don't touch it. Ask no questions," faltered Wainwright. "Let me alone. Let me go. I will give £50, £100 even £200, in twenty minutes if you will only let me go!"

There he made a mistake. The police, as a body, are not open to bribery, and the constables thought rightly that when a man is willing to pay £200 simply to prevent his belongings being looked into, he must have very strong reasons for doing so. Accordingly, Cox and Turner decided to examine the contents of the packages at all costs.

"Here, mate, you hold him while I open this," said Turner; and Cox got a firm grip of the quailing Henry while his comrade stripped off the American cloth from one of the parcels. What he saw nearly sickened him. There lay a human head, partially decomposed, and a

He was horrified when he came to examine the contents of the bundles. In one were the two arms, the two legs, the hands, feet, and the head of a female, while in the other was the trunk from which these parts had been hacked off. The whole was in a terrible state of decomposition, and the smell was overpowering; so the doctor hastily concluded his preliminary examination, awaiting the arrival of other medical men.

While waiting for the doctor, Wainwright was handed over to the gaoler to be searched, and Alice Day was entrusted to the care of the matron, who believed the poor girl's statement that she knew nothing of the matter, but was only accompanying the male prisoner for a short drive.

Later, Wainwright said that he had been met by a gentleman who had asked him if he wished to earn a pound or two. He replied that he was always willing to make money; whereupon the man asked him to take the two parcels to the Hen and Chickens, and said that

he would give him a couple of sovereigns. Wainwright held out for five pounds, and eventually compounded for three pounds. He had no idea of the contents of the bundles. When searched, twenty-seven keys were found on him.

All this time Stokes had not been idle. He had followed the party to the station, and there told what he knew of the transaction; so that, from the first, it appeared that Wainwright's statement was improbable, if not false. When he mentioned the spade, chopper, hammer, etc., the police thought that it would be as well if they examined the premises at 215, Whitechapel Road; so thither the inspector and several constables proceeded.

With the keys taken from Wainwright they easily entered from the back door in Vine Court, and found themselves in a large room, 115ft. long, which had obviously been lately used as a workroom and warehouse combined. A cursory examination of the floor showed that at a spot sixteen feet from the door the flooring had been roughly torn up and clumsily replaced; so they decided to open that part of the boarding and see what was beneath.

It did not take much trouble to raise the hastily-nailed down planks, when the officers came on a grave, five feet long, two feet wide, and two feet deep. The earth in it contained a considerable admixture of chloride of lime, and the smell was most overpowering. Detective Newman, who was with the party, stirred the earth about a little, and found ten human teeth.

Stokes then showed them the spade, hammer, and chopper, which he was to have sold, and adhering to the last-named was a quantity of sticky matter, with a strong odour, which looked like human flesh. These were tied up and reserved for the doctors. Behind the door were one or two flagstones, which were bespattered with blood, and one of them had its corner chipped off as if by a blow from a hammer or cleaver.

That was enough for that day, and the party returned to the station. A constable, however, was left on guard to see that no one entered the building without express authority.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

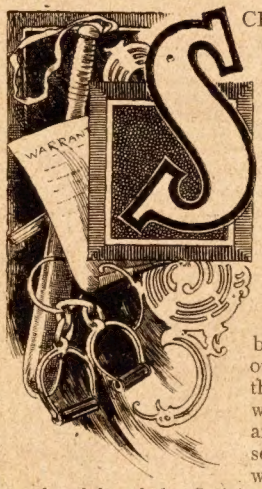
The Drink Made No Difference.

In the year 1886, a lawyer named Sherrington, the brother of an American judge, and who was himself a jurist of great ability, had given way to habits of intemperance, and was often seen staggering into Court to plead for a client. One day, after he had got through a most able and learned argument, he told a friend that while he was speaking he could see toads squatting in the corners and along the walls of the Court-room and serpents were wriggling before his eyes and hissing in his ears, while all manner of imps were dancing about in the air, spouting their blue breath in his face. Yet amid all these difficulties, those present admired the masterly style of his address. He, in due time, however, came to an abrupt end, as he missed his footing one day on an outside stair, fell backward, and was killed instantly.

Lord Annaly, a well-known Irish judge, was notorious for his corruptibility, and the one who made him the most valuable present was sure to gain his cause. On one occasion he was going to Cork Assizes to try a heavy ejectment case, in which a gentleman named Nagle was the plaintiff. As his carriage was crossing the river, it was stopped by a large drove of cattle, and, in course of clearing them, the judge angrily inquired whose they were, and was told by the drover that he was taking them to Lord Annaly's place in the next county. The judge was highly gratified at hearing this, more especially as further questioning elicited the information that they were intended as a present for the worthy (?) judge. The big case was duly tried, and the jury suitably charged by the judge, and they return a verdict for the plaintiff, Mr. Nagle. The judge hurried home, and the first question he asked was where the cattle had been put; but the servants all declared that not a solitary hoof had arrived in his absence, an assertion which considerably puzzled the man of law. Careful inquiries elicited the fact that Mr. Nagle, on hearing the verdict, had at once despatched a messenger, who overtook the drover when within a mile or two of the judge's house, and ordered a return to Nagle's house.

"Every death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turned on Man a fiercer savage, Man."
—POPE, "Essay on Man."

PART II.



SCENE—the Old Bailey. The court is crowded to its utmost limit. Dense crowds have awaited in patient expectancy for hours outside, and now stand in serried rows, with strained faces, breathlessly listening to and watching the most sensational murder trial of the period. The Crown—that is, the prosecution—is represented by the élite of the English criminal bar. The Solicitor-General, Sir Farrer Herschel, who with calm, unbiassed deliberation has made out such a damning case against the prisoner, leads for it, and with him are Mr. A. L. Smith and Mr. Poland. That grave, serious-looking man in the somewhat dusty wig and gown, sitting to the right of the Solicitor-General, is Mr. Montagu Williams, the famous advocate of a thousand fights, who has come here to defend the prisoner.

And the man whose alleged crime has caused this great crowd to gather and this solemn tribunal to be summoned, where is he? Look! he stands in the railed dock between two constables, leaning forward with ashen grey face, heavy eyes, and trembling lips. Can that abject wretch cowering before the face of justice be that same George Lamson whom we have previously seen swaggering into Scotland Yard with the assurance of righteous innocence, and offering his services to the police of London in connection with the "unhappy case" of his cruelly murdered brother-in-law, Percy Malcom John? Yes, indeed it is the same George Lamson; but how changed! All the iron has gone out of the man's spirit; he is now merely limp and fearing. Yet he still maintains a moderate self-composure, and avows his innocence as loudly as ever. With trembling hands he makes copious notes, which are handed to his counsel, who receives them all with a stern, unmoving countenance, reads them, then lays them aside. Hour after hour, day after day, the prosecution has been gradually drawing its coils of evidence around the unhappy prisoner. Point after point has been brought forward with unanswerable proof, and the array of facts against Lamson has grown with every minute. Dr. Stevenson, the famous expert analyst, has been in the witness-box, called by the prosecution, and his evidence has been full of poignant significance. He it was to whom the task of analysing the vomit and stomach of the murdered youth was given. He it is who has analysed these remains with such result that the prosecution are of opinion that his evidence alone will hang the prisoner. What he has said in answer to the curt questions of the Solicitor-General is this:

"Dr. Dupré and myself received the remains of Percy John for the purpose of analysis, duly secured and sealed in various bottles for the sake of preservation. One of

these bottles, bore the inscription, 'Liver, spleen, and kidneys.' These I forthwith analysed."

The Solicitor-General: "With what result?"

Dr. Stevenson: "I obtained from the liver and kidneys an alkaloidal extract which contained a grain of morphia. I placed this upon my tongue."

The Solicitor-General: "What sensation did you experience?"

Dr. Stevenson: "A sensation of burning. A sensation like that produced by aconite."

A murmur runs through the court. The judge—Sir Henry Hawkins—looks up from his notes deprecatingly. The wretched figure in the dock lowers his eyes.

The Solicitor-General: "Proceed, Dr. Stevenson."

Dr. Stevenson: "Bottle No. 2 contained the dead man's bowels, and No. 3 the contents of the stomach. From the fluid in the stomach I obtained another alkaloidal extract, which, placed on the tongue, likewise gave a sensation of burning, a desire to expectorate, a swelling at the back of the throat. Then followed a seared sensation of the tongue, as if—well, as if a hot iron had been drawn across it."

Dr. Stevenson pauses, and refers to his notes; the court awaits his further evidence with breathless interest.

Dr. Stevenson: "Bottle No. 5 contained the vomit. I injected a tiny portion of it beneath the skin of a mouse."

The Solicitor-General: "With what results?"

Dr. Stevenson: "In two minutes the animal showed signs of poisoning. In thirty minutes it was dead. I then injected some aconite bought from the shop of Messrs. Allen and Hanbury into another mouse. This animal died with exactly the same symptoms as the former."

The Solicitor-General: "Then the affect of the dead man's vomit and of aconite poison upon two mice were exactly the same?"

Dr. Stevenson: "Precisely. They both proved fatal in the same number of minutes."

The Solicitor-General: "Did you examine the sweets, the cake, and the capsules which the prisoner brought with him to Blenheim House?"

Dr. Stevenson: "I did; but they contained no poison whatever."

The Solicitor-General: "Did you examine the various powders which the prisoner sent to the deceased on several occasions, and which the deceased did not take?"

Dr. Stevenson: "I did."

The Solicitor-General: "Did you also find them free from poison?"

Dr. Stevenson: "No; I found in them aconite poison."

The Solicitor-General: "Thank you."

Sir Farrer Herschell sits down, amidst profound silence.

"This evidence is damning," goes the whisper around the court. "Lamson must be hanged."

Lamson himself, haggard and pale as ever, bears up very well, indeed maintains his composure wonderfully.

THE SCHOOL AT WIMBLEDON.

Two houses were joined by the covered passage between them.

His counsel, Mr. Montagu Williams, has few questions to ask Dr. Stevenson, and they are but unimportant. He has a few observations to make on aconite and atropia. They are very similar, are they not? Dr. Stevenson thinks otherwise. He agrees that for many cases aconite is used as a drug by the medical profession, and also admits that he has before been summoned by the Crown to analyse and give evidence in poison mysteries. After which Mr. Williams thinks it is wiser to ask no further questions. The case is going dead against the prisoner. There is not a chance of his life in the popular opinion. He seems to realise this himself, to judge by his ashen cheeks and trembling hands.

The next witness is Dr. Dupré, who simply confirms Dr. Stevenson's remarks. Mr. Williams, after a few minor questions, says he has "nothing further to ask the witness," and Dr. Dupré leaves the box, and another link is formed in the chain of proof against the prisoner.

Now comes a long, long list of relatively unimportant witnesses. But they have their places in the scheme of the prosecution. They have come to prove Lamson's

pressing impecuniosity about the time and before the murder. One by one they follow each other into the box, make their statements, and descend. It is clear from the evidence they deliver that Lamson was in the sorest straits for money. A Mr. Tully and Mr. Tullock prove conclusively that he had resorted to fraud to obtain it, and in one case but a few days before the death of the cripple, Percy John. Then follows the pawnbroker, Robinson. He produces a pawn-ticket, proving that Lamson, on November 24, pawned a gold watch and a case of medical instruments with him. On December 3, it will be remembered, Percy John died.

To all this Mr. Montagu Williams has very little to say; indeed, what can he say? He admits the prisoner's poverty, but he denies the prisoner's criminality. A man may be poor, is his argument, and yet not a murderer. Yes, rejoins the prosecution; but when a man is strongly suspected of a crime in which the motive was clearly money, the man's poverty adds to the suspicion against him.

Suddenly Sir Farrer Herschell turns to Mr. Justice Hawkins.

"That is the case for the prosecution," says he, and sits down.

There is a buzz of excitement thrilling the court. Who

Lowers her pale face and weeps.

are the witnesses for the defence? Where are they? What is it they will say, and what will they prove?

These are the questions on everyone's tongue. Mr. Montagu Williams is on his feet.

"There will be no witnesses for the defence," says he, and forthwith turns and addresses the jury.

No witnesses for the defence!

A murmur, subdued and repressed, runs imperceptibly through the court. Then there is no hope; Lamson must be hanged.

Mr. Montagu Williams is addressing the jury, slowly and surely enumerating every point in the case. He dwells on every point that the prosecution has brought forward, and how paltry and insignificant they seem when handled by him. He dwells on other points, the arguments of defence, and how strong and convincing they appear as he brings them forward one by one, clothed in words of fire.

What a fine, strong, dramatic figure he makes, this learned counsel, fighting with all his powerful eloquence for a man's life.

The jury, somewhat worn with the strain of the last few days, breathlessly hang upon the counsel's every word.

Through the terrible incidents of the boy's dread death, through those of Lamson's arrest; in short, through the long and many incidents of the whole case, Mr. Williams goes hour after hour. Even as Dr. Stevenson analysed the melancholy remains of the dead youth, so does Mr. Williams analyse every statement that the prosecution has brought against the prisoner. He rends them with his eloquence to tatters, he holds them up to public ridicule and scorn. And when he laughs the jury laughs. There is something winning and persuasive about the man; he has with him such a convincing air of truth. People turn and look at one another. Popular opinion is changing. Will Lamson be hanged after all? Surely no! This wild avalanche of words will save him. This wonderful fiery torrent of words that holds everyone in its spell, will it not carry Lamson from the dark shadow of the gibbet back to the aching bosom of his wife? A little time will show. Hour after hour Mr. Williams proceeds. The effort is a great and tremendous one, but he tires not, neither does the court tire of hearing him. He dwells, indeed lingers, upon Lamson's voluntary surrender.

"Remember, gentlemen," he cries, in his passionate voice, "the prisoner was not fleeing from the grasp of the law when he was arrested. No, he came voluntarily with his loving and faithful wife—voluntarily, I say, and gave himself into the hands of justice, saying, 'Do with me what you will; I am innocent.' Was that the action of a murderer, the action of guilt? Gentlemen, I affirm it was the action of innocence itself!"

And so the great speech goes on. Lamson, haggard, pale, and dejected, hangs on its every word. Like a dying man catches at a straw; he catches despairingly at his counsel's eloquent appeal. With unflagging attention he watches Montagu Williams's desperate endeavour to win the hopeless fight. He turns and scans the faces of the jury to see its effect upon them, adding the mute appeal of his pleading misery to that of his counsel's burning eloquence. Mr. Williams has little more to say.

"Gentlemen," says he, with tears in his voice, "as this weary trial has dragged on its way, you have noticed, you have seen, a slim, spare figure creep daily up to the railings of the dock. The prisoner's wife! That wife who has been with her husband throughout his terrible trial, ever by his side. That wife who, bowed and crushed by her husband's shame, has bravely fought for him with her prayers to the end. That wife who has proudly said, 'Although all the world believe you guilty, I will believe you innocent till death.' Gentlemen, she knows better than you, better than I, better than anyone else she knows his innocence!"

The slight, almost girlish figure at the solicitor's table lowers her pale face and weeps, and the sobs that are caught in her throat echo through the court. Lamson's face twitched, and it seemed he, too, would be overcome, but with a last painful effort he mastered his emotion.

The strong, passionate appeal is now nigh to its end.

"In this world," says he, "no matter what our creed or clime, we are all brothers of one great race. Gentlemen, deal with the unhappy prisoner as a brother, and may God direct you right."

He sits down. A great sigh breaks from the court. It seems to all present that they are awakening from a trance, and they can hardly believe that the great appeal is ended. Sir Farrer Herschell answers for the Crown. His words are cold, plain, and unadorned. He simply pours into the ears of the jury a stream of facts. Fact, fact, fact—it is facts that will hang Lamson. The court begins to shake off the spell of Mr. Montagu Williams's oratory. Sir Farrer Herschell, having hammered the facts into the jury's head, has nothing further to say. Then Mr. Justice Hawkins sums up. He is as cold, as calm, as deliberate as the Solicitor-General, and although scrupulously fair, it is plain he believes in the prisoner's guilt. He brushes aside Mr. Williams's eloquence, and reminds the jury that sentiment is not proof. Then, it being six o'clock, the jury retires to

consider its verdict. The wretched prisoner is removed from the dock. In a quarter of an hour he is brought back again. His solicitor has entered the dock. The crowd wonders what is going to happen. With a faltering hand and spluttering pen the miserable man is signing some papers. The whisper goes round, "His will, his last will!"

"Ting! ting!" the jury bell has rung. The court sways with excitement. The judge returns. As the names of the jury are being read out Lamson crouches at the back of the dock. His face is ghastly to behold. His glance roams furtively around, as if looking for some loophole of escape. His eyes have a certain hunted look, like that of a wild animal caught in the toils of the hunter.

The Clerk of the Court: "Gentlemen, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

The Foreman: "We have."

The Clerk of the Court: "Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

The Foreman (looking down, and in a subdued voice): "Guilty."

Lamson staggers back, with a stifled cry, his face buried in his hands.

Guilty! The dread word rings through the court. Lamson is upheld by the warders.

The Clerk of the Court: "Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why the court should not give judgment to die according to the law?"

Lamson reels forward, and grasps the rail of the dock. With a great, almost superhuman effort, he regains some of his composure.

"Nothing," he cries, "but to protest my innocence before God!"

His bloodshot eyes droop, and he bows his grey face.

THE GRAVE OF THE MURDERED BOY.

Mr. Justice Hawkins very calmly assumes the black-cap.

"Silence!" calls the usher. There is, in truth, little need for this, for the court is as still as death.

The Judge (in a low, solemn tone): "George Henry Lamson, the jury having convicted you of the crime of wilful murder, the law commands me to pass upon you sentence of death. It would serve no good ends were I to recapitulate the harrowing details of your cruel, base, and treacherous crime, nor is it part of my office to admonish you how to meet the dread doom which awaits you. Suffice it to say that I entreat you to prepare to meet that doom, and God Almighty, and may He pardon you your great sin. The sentence of the Court is that you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, thence to a lawful place of execution, and that there you be hanged by the neck until you be dead, and when you are dead your body be buried within the precincts of that prison wherein you were last confined, after the passing of this judgment upon you. And may the Lord have mercy upon your soul."

The chaplain, who has been standing behind the judge, breaks in with a solemn "Amen."

The wretched murderer has regained his composure. He bows ironically to the judge. The warders would assist him out of the dock, but he shakes them from him.

"Don't do that!" he snarls, and totters down the steps by himself.

April 4 was the day appointed for his execution, but two days before that date England was startled by learning that the execution was postponed. Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary, had received a communication from the President of the United States, begging for a postponement, as he said there were papers being sent over from America to the English Government which would prove Lamson to be insane. The papers came, and were examined, and proved absolutely nothing.

On April 18, Sir William Harcourt announced that Lamson was to be hanged. The day before his still faithful wife came and spent two hours with her condemned husband.

As early as six o'clock many people had collected outside Wandsworth Gaol, and as the time passed the great crowds grew, waiting patiently for the black flag to rise. At half-past eight the Press were admitted into the prison. The prisoner had confessed to the chaplain, and expressed sorrow for his great crime. He attributed it to a habit of taking drugs, which he had contracted, and which he said had entirely destroyed his moral sense. At ten minutes to nine the representatives of the Press were conducted across a small yard into one which adjoined that in which the execution was to be held, and from the prison to the yard was a flight of stone steps, which the condemned murderer would have to descend. The yard was barred by high and heavy gates, and the open space was occupied by the prison officials. The bell began to toll. And at five minutes to nine the procession emerged, headed by the chaplain, who was followed by two officials with wands. Then came Lamson, the wretched criminal, in a black frock coat, looking wan, haggard, and dejected. He was supported—indeed, led—by warders on either side, and with great difficulty he descended the stone steps, tottering and swaying like a drunken man.

As Lamson reached the foot of the steps, the great doors were flung open suddenly, and the murderer, who trembled at sight of him, was met by Marwood, the exe-

cutioner. The terrible work of pinioning now commenced, and seemed to last an interminable time. A large strap was carefully buckled around the condemned convict's body, and then his right arm was secured by another, and lastly his left arm. He was now helpless and powerless. He submitted without complaint, scarcely appearing to know or to appreciate what was going on. The procession moved again. This time Lamson had some sixty yards to walk before he came to the gibbet, and along the entire distance he swayed backwards and forwards as if unable to sustain his own weight. His pallor was marked, and his large eyes wandered, with an expression of horror and fear, from point to point in the yard. He was now before the scaffold. This is a permanent structure, erected under a small shed, with about two feet of upright boarding in front of it. The drop is of heavy planking, and opens in the middle, the lids falling downwards and being held back by springs. The rope was already attached to the beam, and when the trembling and pinioned wretch was brought below it, the noose dangled about his shoulders. His livid face twitched, and he gave a short scream. The chaplain commenced to read. The doomed man listened attentively, and seemed greatly affected when the words "he who believeth in Me shall have everlasting life" were read. Tears stood in his bloodshot eyes, his livid and pitiable visage was horrible to behold. With a firm hand Marwood drew a white cap over his convulsive features. The noose was drawn tight round his neck. He is already on the drop. Click! The drop has fallen. A horrible convulsion of the body follows, the distorted features happily being concealed from view.

Up went the black flag. A shriek, and a girl in the crowd fainted; that was all. Slowly the people melted away. The body of George Henry Lamson swung in mid-air. It was not cut down for an hour.

The customary post-mortem examination was then held, and the doctors agreed that death had been instantaneous. After the formal inquest, the body was buried in the corner of the gaol yard, close to the spot where all that was left of Kate Webster lay rotting. Many years later the body of that odious poisoner Chapman was placed next to his predecessor Lamson. An initial cut in the prison wall marks the spot where the murderer lies.

How different his fate to that of his victim! Lamson suffered a swift, painless, merciful death, and was interred like a dog in a dishonoured grave; John died in agonies, his very vitals being consumed by the potent poison administered to him by the treacherous hand of his brother, but his remains repose beneath a beautiful marble cross in a hallowed grave in Wimbledon Cemetery, where they were laid by the hands of sorrowing relatives.

Let us leave this history of one of the most heartless crimes which has ever stained the annals of England, thankful that at least we have the power to put ruffians like Lamson out of the world.

The Judge's Retort.

IN the year 1794 an Englishman named Gerald was tried for sedition before Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield, in Edinburgh, and though he had the offer of the ablest counsel of the times, he resolved to defend himself, as he was admittedly one of the most eloquent speakers of his day.

His defence was very learned and convincing, and in his speech he asserted that "it was reform, not revolution, for which he had striven, and that Our Lord was Himself a reformer."

Whereupon the judge retorted: "Weel, sir, and muckle did He get by that! Wasna' He crucified?"

What Did He Mean?

MR. PATRICK SHEARON, an Irish Member of Parliament, was once boasting in the House of Commons of his belief in and allegiance to the trial by jury.

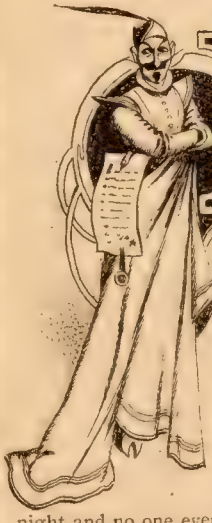
"Mr. Speaker," he said, "with the trial by jury I have lived, and, by the blessing of God, with the trial by jury I will die!"

Curran sat just behind him, and said to him, in a stage whisper: "What, Pat, do you mean to be hanged?"

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF Owen Parfitt.

WAS HE MURDERED OR CARRIED OFF BY SUPERNATURAL AGENCY?

"The Devil he passed a cottage trim
A cottage cosy and trim;
And he said with a grin,
'I'll just step in,
For I think there's somebody here
That's been in my debt for many a year.'"
—SOUTHEY, "The Devil's Walk."



FIFTY years ago the traveller to Dorsetshire was unable to get farther on his journey by rail than Bristol. From that point he was compelled to proceed by coach. The present writer, when a very small boy, enjoyed the high privilege on one occasion of sitting beside the coachman on the much-coveted box-seat. As we drove out of the quaint old market-town of Shepton Mallet, after a change of horses at the principal hostelry, the communicative whip pointed to a house on the outskirts of the town, and said, with an impressiveness of manner and voice which I have never forgotten: "That's where Owen Parfitt lived. He was carried away by the devil one night and no one ever saw him again."

He then proceeded to tell the weird story, which is still a cherished tradition among the country folks of those parts.

The legend lingered vaguely in my memory as such legends will, but I never attached much importance to it as a veritable mystery until chance placed in my hands, many years later, a pamphlet professing to give the true story of the mysterious disappearance of Owen Parfitt. The story was so extraordinary that I resolved to investigate the evidence carefully. The task was not easy, nor was the result satisfactory. Nevertheless, the ascertained facts are worth recording.

In the year 1768 there lived in a cottage near Shepton Mallet, in the county of Somerset, an old man named Owen Parfitt, a tailor by trade, but so helplessly crippled that he could not move without assistance. His early life had been an adventurous one. He had run away to sea when he was a boy, and sailed to America, where he was suspected of having joined the crew of a pirate ship. Subsequently, however, he enlisted in the British Army, and, according to his own account, served for many years in Africa. But from remarks which Owen occasionally let fall, some of his neighbours shrewdly surmised that it was not as a soldier that he gained all his African experience. There were dark hints of slave trading, and even worse traffic.

Owen Parfitt was a man of middle age when he returned from his wanderings and settled down in his native place. It was noted by his neighbours that he made journeys to Bristol at regular intervals, and that when he returned he was flush of money; a fact which he accounted for by stating that he was in receipt of a pension. He continued these visits until a stroke of paralysis rendered him incapable of doing more than moving about the house with the aid of two sticks. But, though unable to visit Bristol in person, he appeared to be in communication with someone there who supplied him occasionally with money, and on one or two occasions strangers, who bore the appearance of sailors, called at his cottage, but what their business with Parfitt may have been he did not choose to tell.

After a while the man became so feeble and helpless that

he was unable even to leave his bed without assistance, and he had to engage the services of his sister to keep house for him and attend to his wants. She was, however, an old and infirm woman, considerably her brother's senior, and was obliged to have the assistance of a young woman named Susannah Snook, who came for a few hours every day and helped to lift Owen from his bed and place him in a chair whilst his room was being arranged.

On the evening of the 6th of June, 1768, Susannah Snook had assisted as usual in carrying Owen downstairs and had placed him in a chair outside the entrance door with a great-coat thrown over his shoulders. Then, having helped his sister to make the bed, she went downstairs, passed out of the house, exchanging a few words with Owen on her way, and proceeded to her own house about a hundred yards distant.

She was not absent long, certainly less than half an hour, and when she returned she noticed, as she approached the door of Parfitt's cottage, that the chair in which she had left him sitting was empty, and over the back hung the great-coat which she had placed round his shoulders. She was surprised and hurried to the door. On entering she saw Owen's sister seated on the settle wringing her hands and wailing piteously.

"Why, what's the matter? Where's your brother?" asked Susannah.

"Oh, he's lost! he's lost! He's gone, and I don't know what's become of him!"

It was some time before Susannah could get any more sensible reply from the distracted woman, but at last she elicited the following facts:

After Susannah Snook had left Parfitt's sister had gone upstairs again, and on coming down a few minutes later called out to her brother to know if he were comfortable. There was no answer, and on stepping outside to see why he did not reply, to her amazement and horror, he was gone, and she saw only the empty chair and the old coat lying over it.

Susannah was a young person of sense and resolution. When she had searched the house inside and out, and satisfied herself that Owen was nowhere on the premises, she ran into Shepton Mallet and alarmed the neighbours, telling them that Owen Parfitt had been carried away by some wicked people, and they must come at once and help her to search for him.

They promptly responded to her summons, but scarcely had they begun their search when the weather, which up to that time had been fine and bright, suddenly changed, the sky became black with thunder-clouds, and in a few minutes a tremendous storm of thunder, lightning and rain burst upon Shepton Mallet. Nevertheless, the searchers were not disheartened. They examined carefully every road, ditch, wood, and field within a radius of three or four miles. The wells, the ponds and rivers were dragged, but not the faintest vestige did they find of Owen Parfitt, dead or living. All through the night the search was continued with lanterns, but not till after sunset of the following day did the searchers discontinue their task, reluctantly convinced that their labour was in vain.

TO HER AMAZEMENT AND HORROR, HE WAS GONE!

What had become of Owen Parfitt? That was the question which agitated the whole country side. Here was a bed-ridden cripple, who could not move a yard without assistance, who had to be carried up and downstairs, disappearing from his home with a swiftness and suddenness which were nothing short of miraculous. That he could have carried himself off, even supposing he had wanted to do so, was absolutely impossible, unless he had been instantaneously cured by a miracle. That anyone else could have carried him off seemed equally improbable, for Parfitt was a stout, heavy man, and even if he had been taken away by force, those who had abducted him could not have carried him far before the alarm was given. No suspicious stranger, no horse or vehicle, had been seen on any of the roads or anywhere in the vicinity of the cottage. Susannah Snook was confident that not more than twenty minutes at the outside elapsed between the time when she left the cottage and spoke to Owen, sitting in the chair outside the door, and the time when she returned and found the sister bewailing her lost brother.

Within half an hour the alarm had been given, and the neighbours were out searching high and low for the missing man.

Moreover, it was the haymaking season. The meadows all round were full of mowers and haymakers. If Owen had attempted to cross the fields, or if he had been taken across them, he must have been seen, whilst along the road there were carts constantly coming and going, so that escape unseen by that way was equally out of the question. Yet the fact remained, and no one could gainsay it, that the man had gone, and that not the slightest trace of him could be found.

The search was resumed, and continued for several days afterwards. The whole country, for many miles around, was scoured; inquiries were made in Bristol, but no one could be found to throw any light whatever upon the mysterious disappearance of the bed-ridden cripple, Owen Parfitt.

A magisterial investigation was even held, and the depositions of several witnesses were taken, amongst them those of Susannah Snook and Parfitt's sister, from which we have obtained some of the facts already given. But the magistrates did not succeed in unravelling the tangled thread of mystery. The problem remained unsolved, except among the ignorant and uneducated, who had no doubt whatever that the devil had had a hand in whisking away Owen Parfitt to the realms of brimstone, unseen of mortal eyes. In support of this theory, the following arguments were adduced:—First, Shepton Mallet had always had an evil reputation for dealings with the devil, and witches had been burned there in the good old days. Secondly, there was the sudden storm which had come on so mysteriously, and everyone knew that when "the deil had business on his hand" he always raised a tempest. Thirdly, the missing man had been heard to tell strange tales of magicians and necromancers and wizards and Obi medicine men with whom he had been brought into contact in Africa. Doubtless he had had unholy traffic with these children of the devil, and their master had sent some of these emissaries of his to spirit Owen Parfitt away to "his own place." It was a simple solution of the problem, and to the minds of the Somersetshire peasants a perfectly satisfactory one.

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Five-and-forty years passed. The mystery of Owen Parfitt's disappearance had become a local legend, discussed with bated breath at tap-room firesides, and no one dreamed that anything could now happen to throw any light upon that awesome incident.

But something did happen, which brought the whole story under investigation again, and invested it with new interest.

In the month of November, 1813, a young farmer named Thomas Strode came into the possession of a house which had belonged to his father and his great-uncle for upwards of fifty years. It stood about 150 yards from the cottage in which Owen Parfitt and his sister lived at the time when the mysterious disappearance took place. Strode was digging one day in the garden in the front of the house when he came upon a human skull about two feet below the surface. Startled by this grim discovery, he dug more carefully, and soon unearthed a complete skeleton. The thought at once flashed upon him that these must be the remains of some victim of foul play, and he communicated promptly with the nearest magistrate.

An inquest was held, and Thomas Strode described how he had found the skull with the face downwards. "The body," he said, "seemed to have been thrown in very hastily, as the skeleton did not lie at full length, but in a kind of confused heap."

There were several persons still living who remembered the disappearance of Owen Parfitt, and had taken part in the search for him. Among them was Susannah Snook, who repeated the evidence which she had given forty-five years previously. The only really important fact, however, elicited by this second inquiry was that the house, in the garden of which the skeleton was found, had been at the time of Parfitt's disappearance in the occupation of a widow named Lockyer. She had long been dead, but it was remembered that she was a woman of secluded habits and indifferent character, who claimed a distant relationship with Owen Parfitt, and was on terms of intimacy with him. Here, then, was a clue to the mystery. What more probable than that Widow Lockyer was in league with certain persons in Bristol, who had good reasons for wishing to get Parfitt out of the way, either because he was in possession of secrets which were compromising to them, or because he had claims upon them which they were tired of satisfying? It was suggested that Parfitt might have been in the habit of carrying money about him in a belt, and that the Widow Lockyer, being aware of this fact, planned the abduction of the old man with male confederates, who, having robbed and murdered him, hastily buried him in the garden. Two strong men could easily have gagged Owen from behind as he sat helpless in his chair, and, having carried him in less than ten minutes from his own door to Widow Lockyer's. There could be no doubt in any reasonable mind that one or the other of these hypotheses supplied the solution of the mystery.

But, just as all sensible folks had arrived at this satisfactory conclusion, there came down from Bristol a distinguished anatomist, who examined the skeleton and pronounced it to be without doubt that of a woman!

He came upon a human skull.

So the nicely-constructed theory of abduction, robbery, and murder suddenly fell to pieces like a house of cards. No further light has ever been thrown on the mystery, and the country folk around Shepton Mallet still believe that Owen Parfitt was carried off by the arch-fiend, to whom he had sold himself in his lifetime.

The Counsellor's Ruse.

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN was once defending a prisoner at Dublin, and the evidence for the prosecution was so conclusive that he was at a loss to think of a defence for his client; in fact, there was absolutely none. In this predicament, Curran espied amongst the spectators in court a rough-looking sailor, who appeared to be in an almost hopelessly intoxicated state. He at once ordered the officers of the court to put this individual into the witness-box. The sailor neither knew nor cared what he was put there for, and he stared about him, supporting himself by clutching the sides of the box in a most idiotic fashion.

"There you are, gentlemen of the jury," said Curran, "that is my only witness. Look at him, and tell me can I hope to secure an acquittal for my client when the only man who could prove his innocence has been made hopelessly drunk by the witnesses for the prosecution, in order that he might be unable to contradict and expose their perjuries, and also to deprive my client of the only chance he has of again securing his liberty." The jury found a verdict of "Not guilty" without leaving the box.

Murder 3,000 Years Ago.

UP to the present only one authentic case of murder has been discovered among the records which have descended to us from Ancient Egypt. This is the assassination of the governor, Bak en Khonsu, who was slain, by a person unknown, in the third year of the King Usertesen I., of the XII. Dynasty, about B.C. 2,200. Two accounts of this case have come down to us. The first, and by far the longest, of which our illustration

TEXT OF A PORTION OF THE TABLET AT BERLIN.

TRANSLATION.

1. . . . . statement by the mason of the royal quarries
2. he says: "I was going to inspect for
3. the King of the North and South, Usertesen, 5th day month Choiak
4. I was near the city of Sheta Abt (Crocodilopolis) I saw Bak an Khonsu
5. talking was he to a stranger near the tomb of the Prince
6. Nekht, we turned and went about the work
7. of his majesty in the quarry at Syene to bring stone
8. for his majesty the King of the North and South Kha-Ka-Ra Son of the Sun Usertesen living for ever.

is a portion, is inscribed upon a slab of limestone now in the Berlin Museum, the second is also cut upon a fragment of stone in the possession of a private gentleman in Vienna, but which has been published in facsimile in the "Revue Egyptologique."

It is curious to note that both these inscriptions are not only written on limestone tablets instead of papyrus, but they are inscribed in the hieroglyphic and not the hieratic character which was usually adopted for such purposes.

It appears that Bak en Khonsu was a Tcha-nut, that is, a governor of a city, and it is probable, though not certain, that he was the head-man of Crocodilopolis, as this town is mentioned repeatedly in the inscriptions dealing with the case. The deceased appears to have been last seen alive by two masons who were on their way to the granite quarries at Abut, the modern Aswan. At the time when they first saw him he was standing alone near the tomb of the Prince Nekht, but they met him again, and then he was in the company of a foreigner who, by his dress, attracted the attention of the two workmen.

He wore, so they said, a conical hat, long beard, and boots which went up the leg and turned up at the toes, and appeared to them to be a native of Aram-Naharaim.

We will now see in how far the opinion of the two masons was correct. That the man could not have been an Egyptian his long beard amply proved; moreover, they distinctly noticed his footgear—long boots turned up at the toes—whereas every Egyptian, both rich and poor, wore sandals. This kind of boot, however, was, as the monuments have shown, always worn by men from the highlands of Western Asia, and especially by the Parthians and Hittites.

Now, the land called Aram-Naharina, or Naharaim, was the country round about the source of the two rivers Tigris and Euphrates, which included the highlands of Elam, so that the opinion of the two men who last saw the murdered ruler was probably correct.

We are next told that, having in true Oriental manner saluted the governor, the two masons went on their way towards Aswan, and as no further mention is made of anyone else having seen the murdered man prior to the discovery of the body, it is probable that these two were the last who saw him alive. This took place on the 5th of the month Choiak, or November. On the 6th of the same month, or the next day, some time during the afternoon, his body was found on the left bank of the Nile, covered over with rushes.

The discovery was made by a man who was catching wildfowl on the river, and whose punt had been driven into the reeds. This man, when taken before the chief at Chewennu, the modern Eshunén, to which place he had removed the body, stated that he had found it among the reeds, face downwards, and that he had brought it as it was found. He further stated that he did not know who it was, and that he had brought it to Chemennu because he himself was a native of that town. The body was next examined, and marks of violence were found upon it. At this point we will let the inscription tell its own tale in its own words:

"The body of the venerable Tcha-Nut, Bak en Khonsu, was brought to me, Meri-Ra, chief physician of his Majesty the King, Kheper-Ka-Ra Usertesen—may he live for ever. On that day I examined it. The head was broken near the jaw, the nose had much blood, the throat had been pressed hard, and marks upon its back I saw. The venerable Bak en Khonsu did not these himself."

It is evident from the above post-mortem that the doctor was of opinion that the deceased could not have inflicted these injuries himself, and, like our modern coroner, came

to the conclusion that death was due to violence from some person or persons unknown. But in most cases of murder there is usually some slight trace which the murderer leaves behind, although it may never lead to the apprehension of the culprit. In this case, when the body was found, there was discovered, according to the report, a small clay tablet, upon which was an inscription, but not in the Egyptian language.

At this point the Berlin tablet is broken, only a few words being legible in the last line, of which, however, no reliable rendering can be given. We are, therefore, bound to turn to the fragment at Vienna. This fragment is 6¼in. long by 4¼in. wide, and contains thirty-two lines of writing. It is evidently a portion of a large tablet written in a very fine hand, and of which it is to be hoped the remaining fragments will some day come to light.

From this document we learn that the tablet found with the man was a letter written in the language Capadocea, which is very much like the Assyrian in character. Unfortunately for our purpose, the Egyptian court of inquiry did not transcribe the contents of the letter, or it might have been possible to have got at the bottom of this ancient mystery. The Egyptian scribe, however, states that it referred to a lady named Ismi Ishtar, and mention is made of 30 talents of silver according to the standard of Carchemish.

Have we here the old, old story of love and hatred? Special importance appears to have been attached to the fact that the "standard of Carchemish" was mentioned as the weight according to which the money was to be paid or received. Now, the city of Carchemish, the site of which is now marked by the huge mounds called by the Arabs Jerablus, situated on the river Orontes, was the capital of the Hittite kingdom at that period. If we take into account the fact above mentioned, that the stranger who was seen in the company of the deceased man wore the Hittite dress, this, though only circumstantial evidence, would point to him as the probable culprit. But what was the reason for the murder? This, of course, can never be definitely answered. It is probable, however, that it had its solution in one of those cases of inter-marriage, in which the settlement of the dowry was, as is often now in the East, the cause of quarrel and bloodshed.

Inter-marriages between Egyptian men and Asiatic women were of frequent occurrence in Egypt from the XII. to the XVIII. Dynasties, that is, from about B.C 2200-1500. In the year 1881 a number of tablets were discovered at Tel-el-Amarna, which had reference to the marriage of Amenophis III., King of Egypt, with Tü, the daughter of Burnaburias, King of Babylon, and in this case also there was a dispute about the amount of dowry, although it did not come to violence, and it would appear from what has been said above that the present case was one of a similar nature.

What became of the corpse we are not told. In most cases of a similar nature the body was first taken to the temple of the god or goddess to whose worship the deceased belonged. It was there formally pronounced pure by the officiating priest, and then handed back to the relatives to be embalmed. In cases, however, where the person had no relatives, or where, at least, no relations could be found, the deceased was embalmed at the expense of the State, and the mummy deposited in the common pits, numbers of which existed in the vicinity of large towns.

Thus ended one of the most mysterious tragedies of the ancient East, and one which never was, and now certainly never will be, cleared up.

An Ingenious Certificate.

JAMES BOLLAND, the notorious highwayman, was arrested on one occasion, and committed for trial. He was confined in Newgate, and having sent for a solicitor, wished to know how he could have his trial put off for a time, as some of the witnesses for the prosecution might be missing by then. The solicitor informed him that there was no way of having it postponed except by obtaining a medical certificate that the prisoner was ill, and therefore it would be unsafe for him to attend the court at the appointed time.

This certificate was accordingly obtained by some of Bolland's friends. The medico, after commencing as usual, proceeded thus: "And the deponent verily believes that if the said James Bolland is obliged to take his trial at the ensuing sessions, he will be in imminent danger of his life." On reading the certificate the judge remarked: "Yes, I verily believe so, too, but, at the same time, I cannot allow the trial to be postponed."

So Bolland was brought up, but after a long trial was acquitted.

A FIRE MYSTERY.

THE EXTRAORDINARY VERDICT OF AN INCREDULOUS JURY.

"'Tis good to doubt the worst; We may in our belief be too secure."
—WEBSTER & ROWLEY.

THE ways of juries are, verily, inscrutable, and the history of our courts contains many instances where the finding of the "twelve good men and true" cannot be reconciled with the evidence, nor can the careful reader find any clue to the fact which influenced the decision. Here is one of these mysterious cases.

In July, 1838, Thomas Peacock was placed at the bar of the Central Criminal Court and charged with arson. The facts of the case, as disclosed in the evidence, are briefly these:

Mr. Samuel Ewins, a bookbinder, rented a house in Cheapside. The premises were rather too large for him, so he let the first floor to Mr. Peacock, who worked as an embosser for bookbinders. Ewins's family consisted of his wife, four young children, two apprentices, named Bolster and Evans, and a servant. Peacock was a widower and had three children living with him.

On the 22nd June, 1838, about half-past ten in the evening, Mr. Ewins ordered his apprentice Bolster to turn the gas off at the meter in the cellar beneath the shop and then to come up to the sitting-room on the second floor for prayers. The lad did so, fastening down the trapdoor at the entrance to the cellar. While at prayers Ewins heard footsteps going up and down the stairs between the ground and first floors. After prayers the family retired to bed. On the fourth floor there was a workroom, and when Ewins had been in bed for about a quarter of an hour he heard the door of that room banging, and called Bolster, whom he ordered to go and close it. The lad went and immediately returned, saying that there was a smell of fire. Alarmed, his master went upstairs and found that all was right up there, but on descending the smell grew stronger, and when half-way down to the ground floor the smoke was so dense that he had to turn back. Neighbours had by then perceived that the place was on fire, for the bells were rung, the alarm given, and all was bustle and confusion.

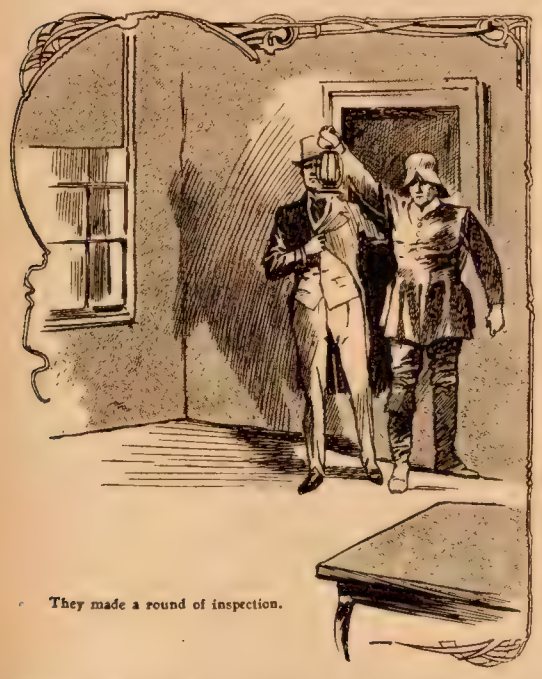
Clad in her nightdress, Mrs. Ewins made her escape, followed by her husband with a child under each arm and the servant similarly laden. The women and children were housed by a neighbour, and Ewins went back to see about his premises. When he reached them he found that the fire brigade had arrived and were fighting the flames. As far as could be seen, there were two sources of fire, one in the cellar and the other on the first floor.

With some little difficulty the fire was extinguished and then Mr. Ewins, with Mr. Braidwood, the captain of the brigade, made a round of inspection. In the back room on the first floor, they found everything smelling very strongly of turpentine. On that floor they met Peacock, who said: "Mr. Ewins, what has Bolster been doing? I fear he has dropped a light among the shavings in the cellar." Ewins made no reply, but, seeing that the fire was out, tried to rescue as much of his property as he could from the water. He did not then think that there was any foul play.

On the following morning early some gentlemen from the Insurance Office came, with Mr. Braidwood, to make a tho-

rough inspection of the damaged premises, and they commenced with the back room on the first floor. There they found bits of burnt paper saturated with turpentine. Wondering how the fire in that room was connected with the fire in the cellar, the skirting boards of the stairs were removed and a quantity of candles and tallow and pork fat found behind them. All then went down to the cellar. There they had ample evidence that the fire was the deliberate work of an incendiary. The ceiling, which had only been repaired some weeks before, was pierced with holes in several places, and through the holes bundles of paper shavings and threads, all soaked in turpentine, were protruding. Leading to these holes were cords dripping with turpentine, and in a corner of the cellar was a bundle of shavings, mill-boards, and papers, carefully constructed, and liberally drenched with Venice turpentine, a very sticky species. Beneath the stairs was a stack of wood, arranged so as to burn freely, and with a train of inflammable material leading to it. The mill-board in the cellar was a kind not used by Ewins, but which Peacock employed in his business.

The search party then went back to Peacock's room, and



They made a round of inspection.

there they found a pipkin containing Venice turpentine, and also a bottle with half-a-pint of the same liquid in it. Peacock was accordingly arrested.

The apprentices swore that on several occasions they had seen Peacock rummaging about in the cellar, though he had no right to do more than cross it to reach a closet in one corner. One of them, Evans, had also seen Peacock thrusting his arm into a hole in the skirting in the stairs, just close to where the candles and fat were found. On the night of the fire Bolster had seen four bundles containing Peacock's property on a ledge outside the prisoner's bedroom window, and made an attempt to save the goods, which was successful.

The inspector of police and the captain of the fire brigade gave evidence that the fires in the prisoner's back room and that in the cellar were not connected, but must have been ignited separately. The question of motive was next raised. It was shown that Mr. Ewins was insured for £1,000, and had been insured for six years. At the time of the fire his stock and property was worth over two thousand pounds. Peacock, on the other hand, had been insured for three months only, for nine hundred pounds, and the extreme value of the whole of his possessions was a hundred pounds. So scanty were his goods that the police remarked to him that he was much over-insured, and in reply to that Peacock had said that he often had work belonging to his employers on the premises and that he had taken out a policy sufficiently large to cover any losses which they might sustain through fire. That statement was proved to be false.

This was the principal evidence for the prosecution. The defence made no attempt to discredit it, or to explain away any of the circumstances which looked terribly suspicious, but contented themselves with calling some witnesses to character, whose joint testimony only amounted to the fact that Peacock had hitherto lived a respectable life.

The case was then left to the jury, and, after a short discussion, they brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." The judge, Mr. Justice Littledale, started, thinking that he had heard incorrectly, but the foreman repeated the dictum that they thought the prisoner innocent. "Well, it is for you to say," remarked the judge, with a sneer. "Prisoner, you are discharged." So the case was ended, but to his dying day Judge Littledale declared that he could not see any reason for the extraordinary verdict, which was in no way based on the evidence. The impunity of Peacock, however, gave the idea to the Great Fire Ring which flourished in the middle of last century and of whose doings more will be told in another number.

Catherine Wilson, 1862.

AFTER the trial, Mr. Justice Byles is said to have sent for the leading counsel for the defence and congratulated him upon the efforts he had made on behalf of the prisoner. His lordship said: "I sent for you to say that you have done this case remarkably well. But it was no good; the facts were too strong. I prosecuted Rush for the murder of Mr. Jermy; I defended Daniel Good and I defended several other notable criminals when I was on the Norfolk Circuit, but if it will be of any satisfaction to you, I may tell you that in my opinion you have to-day defended the greatest criminal that ever lived."

Not Complied With.

A VERY brutal murderer was asked, after his trial and conviction, if there was nothing that could be done for him to make his last few hours on earth peaceful and comfortable, compatible with the regulations of the gaol.

"Yes," he said; "let me have two minutes alone with that Inspector H——"—who had given evidence against him—"me with a poker in my hand, and I'll die happy."

This reminds us of another ruffian of the same class who was asked if he wished for anything. "I'd like to get hold of that man S——" he said; "I'd strike off his head!"

It was found impossible to comply with these modest requirements.

Hawkins's Joke.

MR. BEST, the barrister, was quite a Jonah amongst advocates, and it became almost a standing joke on the various circuits that whoever he defended was bound to be convicted, and vice versâ.

On one occasion Best was defending a miner charged with a particularly brutal murder, and just as he was about to rise to commence his speech a large, white envelope was handed to him by the usher of the court. It was sealed with black sealing-wax and tied with black ribbon. The barrister opened it—to discover a black hat-band and a pair of black kid gloves. A note was enclosed to the effect that these "trappings and suits of woe" were to be worn for his client! The great Hawkins was the perpetrator of this little pleasantry.

He Wiped Him Gently.

FIVE prisoners were tried in 1863, at Dublin, for the manslaughter of a farmer, and Judge Forster quite misunderstood the drift of the evidence, with the result that the guilty party got off with the lightest sentence.

It appeared from the evidence that four of the accused assisted in the crime, but a witness said that it was the fifth, Denis Halligan, who gave the fatal blow. He spoke as follows: "My lord, I saw Denis Halligan, that's in the dock there, take a vacancy"—(the Irish word for aim at an uncovered or unguarded part)—"at the poor sowl that's kilt, and give him a wipe with a clehalpin"—(the Irish for bludgeon)—"and lay him down as quiet as a child."

The jury found the prisoners guilty, and the judge sentenced the first four to seven years' penal servitude; but he addressed Halligan, who was the actual homicide, as follows: "Denis Halligan, I have purposely reserved the consideration of your case to the last. Your crime is doubtless of a grievous nature, yet I cannot avoid taking into consideration the mitigating circumstances that attend it. By the evidence of Timothy Dyer, the sole witness, it clearly appears that you were the only one of the party who showed any mercy to the unfortunate deceased. You took him to a vacant seat, and you wiped him with a clean napkin, and you laid him down with the gentleness one shows to a little child. In consideration of these extenuating circumstances, which reflect some credit on you, I shall inflict on you three weeks' imprisonment."

And Denis Halligan escaped by the judge mistaking a vacancy for a vacant seat, and a clehalpin for a clean napkin!

THE TRIAL OF MADAME BAPTISTE.

A beautiful Picardy farmer's wife saved from the guillotine by a former lover. Showing the cruelty and injustice of the French Criminal Courts.

"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally Justice triumphs."
—LONGFELLOW, "Evangeline," Pt. I.

PART II.

I LOVED HER TOO WELL TO BEAR MALICE

AFTER the trying ordeal through which Madame Baptiste had gone it seemed marvellous that she was able to retain her senses. The cruel and unjust attack by the president, the wicked, lying accusations by Mdme. Roule, her aunt, and the painful spectacle of her father's sudden indisposition and apparent imbecility, were enough to turn the brain of a strong man. Here, however, was a poor, defenceless woman, and as I scrutinised her countenance on the resuming of the examination I felt more than ever convinced that this woman was innocent, for nothing short of her knowledge that she was not the perpetrator of the crime would have given her strength enough to stand the fearful strain to which she had been subjected, and which she was to further undergo.

Yet, although there were many, no doubt, present in that court who shared my opinion, there were few if any who believed for a moment that she would be acquitted.

Several other witnesses were produced for the prosecution, but failed to either strengthen or weaken the prisoner's position.

At length the Procurcur-Impérial or Attorney-General rose to address the Court. Never in the whole course of my life have I heard such an extraordinary address, such a frightful though able display of elocution. It will be remembered that at the opening of the trial this learned individual taunted with his first words the poor, helpless woman. He had evidently been framing throughout the whole of the proceedings the bitterest invectives to hurl at the wretched creature.

His speech was eloquent enough and decidedly emphatic. He availed himself of every opportunity of bringing the guilt of both charges home to the prisoner, but he was rather more startling than convincing in his arguments. Over and over again he called upon Madame Baptiste to deny the truth of his conclusions, but he gave her no opportunity of doing so. He called her infamous names, and defied her to bring a single witness capable of proving her innocence or to save her from an ignominious death. The unkindest cut of all was when he reproached her with the ingratitude to a family by whose generosity she had been raised from poverty to comfort. He reminded her of the disgrace which she had brought, not only upon her father, the wretched old man of 80 years of age, by means of a public spectacle, but also upon the helpless child to whom she had given birth, and who had first seen the light through the iron bars of a prison.

There was no leaning to the side of mercy, no relenting, no gleam of light thrown upon the darkness of the picture, and the poor woman must have felt lost to this world long before this man had ceased his terrible address.

Rosalie Baptiste, for a time, sat motionless, gazing with a stare of affrighted wonder; then she sank lower and lower upon her seat as he rapidly heaped circumstance upon circumstance, and found, in what were apparently unimportant facts, the most damning conclusions.

At the termination of the speech made by the public accuser, the prisoner seemed unable to sustain herself. Her choking sobs were painful to hear in the deep and thrilling silence which followed, as the great advocate resumed his seat, after speaking for more than an hour.

There was certainly not a soul present who after this thought she had the slightest chance.

He was right. The witnesses for the defence could not help her. Still, they one and all bore evidence as to her good character, her piety, her industry, her neighbourly helpfulness, and her character of both word and deed. They also proved that she had endured with patience and submission the tyranny of her husband's aunt, and the violence of that husband herself; also that she was a devoted and affectionate daughter.

One of these witnesses had thrown a gleam of light, but too faint, we thought, to penetrate the gloom of the prison. Still it proved that Rosalie Baptiste was not absolutely friendless, and I must not omit this little bit of colour from this painfully dark and cruel trial.

A young fellow named Pierre Carnot had been called by counsel for the defence, and had corroborated other witnesses as to the good qualities of the prisoner. "But," said the procureur, "if the accused were indeed the admirable person whom you describe, how do you account for her having so many enemies? How do you account for the general belief in her guilt throughout the village?"

"Ah, monsieur," replied the brave young peasant, as he turned a hasty and sympathising glance at the prisoner, "hate grows faster than love and lasts longer. Before the villagers dreamed of Rosalie's good luck—or, rather, bad luck, as it turned out; poor woman!—there was many a lad who hoped to make her his wife. But she listened to none of them, and they can't forgive her for marrying above them."

"And you, not being of their number, can afford to say a good word for her. Is that what we are to understand?" asked counsel sarcastically.

"No, monsieur," was Pierre's sturdy reply; "but I loved her too well to bear malice."

"Stand down," said the president, and the heroic young fellow obeyed. Was this not true heroism? He had boldly avowed his affection for one who appeared to be forsaken by every other human being. Her father had abandoned her in the unconsciousness of second childhood, her infant in the terror of helplessness, her friends from the dread of shame.

This woman stood alone, until that humble but upright young fellow braved the world's scorn, and dared the laughter of his fellows to silence one throb of her bursting heart. And it did so, too, for I fancied that I could not only see courage stealing into her expression, but hope as well.

And now came the most important and last chance for the prisoner. Her counsel stood up to defend her as best he could under the trying circumstances. I confess that I felt my heart beating very quickly, for not only was it a most difficult task he had before him, but it was evident to all that he was in a dreadfully nervous condition. His voice was greatly agitated, and he perpetually repeated himself. Instead of plunging boldly into his subject, and at once grappling with the charges brought against his client, he dwelt upon her youth, on the agony of mind and body which she had suffered for so many months, and of the misery she must have endured when she gave birth to her last infant in the prison cell.

Suddenly, however, this young advocate rallied. We were all electrified by his startling and unexpected energy and change of tone. He seemed inspired, and Rosalie had found another friend more powerful than all, and I could once more detect that expression of courage and hope flit across her anxious countenance. So full of splendid pleading and so powerful was the argument and fine the elocution that president, procureur, and all had their attention riveted upon this young man, who was, as if by the hands of the Divinity, rescuing this beautiful young creature's life from the guillotine. And her face was beautiful as the colour came back to it, and her eyes shone with a supernatural light as she hung upon every word that came from her advocate's lips.

So great a pleading was this that I would fain place every word before my readers, although it must have been heard to have been fully appreciated. After all these long years the voice, when I think of that day spent in the Palais de Justice of Amiens, rings out again in my ears, and I shall never forget it. I must, however, be content to cull portions of his speech, which I have translated from the

report which appeared in the "Gazette de Tribunaux," and which, for a wonder, was very little dressed up. It needed it not, so great was it.

After having enumerated madame's sufferings, which he declared were sufficient punishment in themselves for the crimes of which she was accused, he declared that he had no intention of asking for an acquittal upon such grounds.

"No, gentlemen of the jury," he exclaimed, "we seek no such subterfuge, we desire no impunity which does not restore our honour. We have already endured enough—more than enough. We care not to remain a mark for the finger of scorn and of suspicion; we must leave this court not only free, but justified. I maintain, gentlemen of the jury, that we have a right to demand this, and I have no fear but that you will feel as I do. What has been proved against the accused? I will tell you in a few words. It has been proved that she was pretty and good, so pretty and so good that half the young peasants of the village sought to win her affections; that she was industrious, obliging, modest; so pre-eminently good that, although but the daughter of a poor labourer, and herself a menial in the family of a richer

Sought to win her affections.

neighbour, she was chosen by the son of her master for a wife. I will even remind you that he would have won her more lightly if he could, and that it was only when he became convinced of the uselessness of his illicit addresses that he came forward loyally and generously to offer her his hand. Does this not tend to prove her worth? Ay, and that hand was given despite the reproaches and opposition of his relatives, who, in their ignorance of the just value of qualities like hers, believed their kinsman—the heir to a few acres of land and a few thousand of hoarded francs—to be degrading himself by such an alliance.

"The prisoner is accused of having attempted the life of her husband by poison. Where was the husband, the intended victim, when his would-be murderess was arraigned for the offence? Where was he? I will tell you, gentlemen. So securely hidden that even the emissaries of his vindictive aunt could not trace him out and drag him hither to appear against an injured wife. What was the poison? You must allow me to fall back upon the evidence, and to add to it a most material fact. The accusation sets forth that Rosalie, arrested by her aunt, prepared a saucepan of soup for the dinner and supper of the family, and that of this soup they all partook at noon. It was set aside till evening, when it was once more placed on the fire, and that, at five o'clock M. Baptiste being still absent at the wineshop, the prisoner and her female relative again ate of the soup, when, the embers of the fire being still warm, the saucepan was carefully surrounded by hot ashes to await his return. That more than once the lid of the saucepan was raised to stir the contents, and that this precaution was taken by the aunt herself, who never moved from the chimney-corner from the termination of her own supper to the return of her nephew. Baptiste, in accordance with his usual habit, was far from sober when he came in, and, after partaking of the soup he was attacked by violent sickness.

"Now, gentlemen, you have heard that on the following morning the aunt—whom you have seen and heard to-day, and can, therefore, appreciate her character—showed the dregs of the soup to some half a dozen chosen friends, and pointed out that upon it floated a species of white, flaky film. In a mysterious manner she called attention to the soup, and then flung the residue outside the door, where pigs and poultry could devour it. Doubtlessly it was devoured, without the slightest detriment to either from the ashes which, in the action of stirring the contents, she had herself, beyond all doubt, introduced into the mixture. Why, I ask you, did she, whilst suspecting poison, cleanse the vessel with her own hands? Why did she—whose god is Mammon—incur the risk of poisoning the animals who might partake of it?

"Great stress has been laid upon the fact of the vomiting by which M. Baptiste was attacked after eating the soup. But we have shown that he was a man of intemperate habits, who was subject to this malady. Therefore, our wonder should rather be excited by the fact that he could, when full of wine, have swallowed a mess of this description, and that it should have produced, under the circumstances, the effect ascribed to it.

"Gentlemen of the jury, before God and society, is Rosalie Marie Baptiste guilty of having attempted, in that soup, to poison her husband? We calmly await your decision."

There was no doubt about it, the young advocate had driven common-sense straight home to the jury, and the twenty men were evidently impressed with the lucid explanation submitted to them. The counsel for the defence then continued:

"We now come to the second charge. On the night in question the farm belonging to M. Baptiste, père, and his sister, Mdme. Roule, was fired. We learn from the examination of witnesses that the two women are seated in the common room of the house, meaning thereby the apartment not used as a sleeping chamber. This room looks upon the farmyard. The prisoner is near the window, occupied in repairing her husband's linen; the aunt, according to her habit, is dozing near the fire. Mdme. Baptiste leaves the room for a few minutes, and shortly after her return remarks that she hears an extraordinary noise upon the premises, upon which she is told that she is a fool and always full of absurd fancies. But, notwithstanding this rebuff, she again exclaims that she is sure something must be wrong, also that she smells burning straw. Scarcely has she uttered the words when a body of flame bursts from an adjacent barn, upon which the accused, uttering a loud scream, rushes to the bedside of her sleeping child, hurriedly wraps it in a blanket, and leaves the house at all speed.

"Was this extraordinary? Was this unnatural? Was this a proof of guilt? M. le Procureur has decided in the affirmative, but I boldly demur to his conclusion. The first impulse of the mother was to save her infant, and in this instance it must have been doubly powerful, since, disappointed in all her affections, the child of her bosom was all in all to her.

"You have been told that she lent no assistance in extinguishing the fire, and, personally, I admit that she did not do so. It has been asserted on oath that no one knew where she was hidden until the flames were extinguished. Yet it has been proved that, on leaving her home, she made her way with her precious burden to the cottage of her aged and widowed father, who hurried at her entreaty to the farm, while she remained alone in his cottage to watch over her infant. How important a witness he would have proved to-day had he been able to give evidence you will now understand. No wonder that this poor man's brain has been overbalanced. He is poor, but not too poor to feel; humble, but not too humble to be beyond the reach of shame; and the birth of his last grandchild in prison—I cannot dwell upon this subject, gentlemen of the jury—I am warned by the suffocating sobs behind me that my zeal is degenerating into cruelty. I repeat that one most important witness has been lost to us to-day.

"M. le Procureur has expatiated largely also upon the expressions of bitter hopelessness which were from time to time forced from the wrung heart of my unhappy client. She 'wished that the farm were burnt to the ground, and her husband reduced to the rank of a common labourer'; and even declared, while smarting under the tyranny of her near relatives, that 'she would gladly free herself to be relieved from the life of wretchedness to which she was condemned.' I am not about to justify these expressions; I am ready to admit that they were alike unguarded and unseemly; but, gentlemen of the jury, rémember the provocation! Is there one of us who has never rashly uttered a word that he would gladly recall? Do we, men of education, and eager for the applause of the world, do we always measure our sentences and weigh our phrases in a moment of passion? Do not let us lie to our own souls.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I have done. What the prosecution could not prove we cannot disprove, but we can appeal to God, we can appeal to the judgment of all honest men, and we can appeal to your decision. This we do boldly, this we do fearlessly. We are in your hands, and we are safe. You will restore a wife to her husband, a mother to her children, an outcast to her home. You will do this, for you have sworn to defend the right, and that right can only be maintained by an acquittal."

It was a grand effort to save this woman's life, and the advocate's eloquence had touched everybody present, and I thought I noticed some of the jurymen visibly affected. That the effect of the speech in favour of the prisoner was great there could be no two opinions, for a low murmur of applause went through the court as counsel resumed his seat. This was instantly checked, and, silence being restored, the Procureur-Impérial once more rose.

His tones, however, seemed more subdued to me, and, as he dissected with great forensic eloquence the address made on behalf of the prisoner, he alluded in that detestable, sarcastic manner that he had adopted at the commencement of the trial to the youth and good looks of the accused. He declared that it was evident that her appearance stood her instead of innocence. He even commented upon the want of experience betrayed by her advocate, whom he accused of having sacrificed his judgment to his enthusiasm, and told him that where he should have convinced, he had only dazzled his hearers.

Then turning his attention once again to the poor woman, he appealed to her whether, an acquittal being possible, she could have desired it, when, as she must be well aware, it would entail upon her an existence of perpetual suspicion. Finally, he called upon the jury to deliver society from a woman whose after-career, should she leave that court absolved, might be readily prophesied from its antecedents.

Again the prosecution seemed to have gone back to favour with many of the jurymen, for the bitterness and eloquence of the procureur were undoubtedly very weighty. I scarcely knew what to think as I watched the wretched woman who sat with clasped hands, bent head, and utterly motionless, as though she were counting the few moments of her existence that would be left to her after the verdict was given.

It was a terrible time for her and, indeed, for all present who were not accustomed to such scenes.

When the procureur had made his final remarks, one of the gendarmes at a signal laid his hand upon the prisoner's shoulder and whispered a few words into her ear. Slowly she rose and, after casting a wild look around the court, she disappeared through the narrow doorway by which she had entered.

"WE CAN APPEAL TO THE JUGDMENT OF ALL HONEST MEN."

I learned from the French gentleman who had accompanied me that it was usual in all cases when the trial was a question of life or death for the accused to be conducted whilst the jury were considering their verdict to a cell and there left alone and in total darkness. Such a fearful ordeal, when they are unable to come to an agreement for any length of time, may be better imagined than described. I could not help feeling pity for this poor creature. That, however, did not seem to be the general feeling with those who were engaged professionally or had sat the trial out for the sake of curiosity like myself.

Immediately the prisoner had been taken away and the jurymen had retired, the court became a scene of bustle and excitement. The president, the procureur, and several friends adjourned to a private apartment for the purpose of taking refreshments. No sooner had they left than some 30 privileged individuals took possession of the platform, and, eating bon-bons, sandwiches, and cakes, cracked jokes with each other, and became quite boisterous in their merriment. Others drew out newspapers and became absorbed in politics, whilst very few, I fancy, thought much about the poor

creature's fate whose trial had given them such a long entertainment. To me, this indifference to the woman's fate who was suffering agonies in the cell, was very painful. The careless mirth so recklessly displayed at such a moment was revolting. Happily, however, it did not last for any length of time. Ten minutes only had elapsed, although to me it seemed half an hour, when the bell once more sounded. Everybody immediately took their places hurriedly, and the president and officials quickly returned, followed by the jury. As soon as silence had been restored, the president, in a tone of more solemnity than he had previously employed, put the supreme question:

"Gentlemen of the jury, is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

There was a pause, and it seemed that everybody present held his breath as the jury rose in a body, and the foreman, in a steady voice, replied:

"Not guilty, M. le President."

I confess that I was hardly prepared for so favourable a decision after what I had heard, and the strange manner in which the trial had been conducted by the president and the counsel for the prosecution, and I believe that nine-tenths of the audience believed that there was not a glimmer of hope for the poor woman. When the verdict was delivered the effect was electrical, and I distinctly heard a joyous murmur run through the court.

It must be borne in mind that the prisoner was not brought in to hear the jury pronounce their verdict, so she was still ignorant of her fate. Neither was she to be enlightened for a brief period, for now the most extraordinary incident of the whole trial occurred. It fairly took my breath away, and I could scarcely believe my ears and eyes.

First of all the Procureur-Impérial turned a congratulatory smile upon the prisoner's advocate, who had conducted her defence so ably, the anxiety of which had left him as pale as marble, and was, like all of us, perhaps, as surprised as delighted at the verdict.

Then the president addressed the jury, and this, it will hardly be credited, is what he said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, it is my duty to compliment you upon your verdict. You have ably and honourably fulfilled the trust reposed in you. There can be no doubt in any honest mind that you have come to a true and just decision. At the commencement of my legal career, when I was yet a mere youth, the interests of my employer compelled me to reside during several weeks in the hamlet of which the accused was a native. I have never forgotten—I never shall forget—what I witnessed in that obscure village. It is enough for me to assert that throughout the whole of my after experience I was never forced into contact with so utterly worthless a set of individuals. Jealousy, slander and falsehood were the aliments upon which they appeared to exist; and it was more than sufficient that the accused, whose reputation you have restored by a most righteous verdict, was pure and modest, and that by the united charms of her person and her character she had raised herself from a low station to one of comparative affluence, for every mouth to be opened against her.

"Gentlemen of the jury, once more I say that I congratulate you, and that I believe the accused to be as innocent of the crimes imputed to her as either you or I."

"My God!" I said to my companion, "do I trust my senses? Is this the man who only a few hours ago branded the prisoner as a wretch so sunk in vice as to be 'capable of everything'?" But what still puzzled me further was that I could not detect an expression of surprise upon any of the countenances about me. It did not appear to strike one amongst all the listeners of the trial that at the commencement the president had cruelly exceeded his privilege, and even forsworn his own conscience. There was no murmur of indignation, no evidence of disgust. On the contrary, an approving smile beamed on every side, as if to thank him and recompense him for his tardy frankness. I was dumbfounded.

I was wondering what would happen after this when his voice again sounded through the court:

"Bring in the prisoner."

The door opened, and, conducted by the gendarmes, the woman once more occupied the place where she had spent all those long anxious hours. There was a dazed look about her face, and the sudden appearance into a flood of light seemed to affect the eyes painfully.

Then the registrar announced in that same monotonous tone that he had employed in reading out the accusation the verdict that she stood acquitted.

The feverish flush that was a moment before over her face vanished in an instant, leaving it as pale as marble and as beautiful as a fine piece of sculpture. Or she might have been a corpse standing erect before me, until I saw her sweep her hand across her forehead and give one long stare about her. Then, with a shriek that rang through the court rather like the cry of a wild animal than the utterance of a human being, she made a spring towards the door, nearly overturning the gendarmes by whom it was guarded, and disappeared.

That terrible day's work was over. The officials collected their papers, the counsel threw off their gowns, and the crowd dispersed, I making the best of my way to my hotel, thanking God that justice was not administered in such a way in our own happy country, and with such an impression made by my first experience of French criminal law that I shall never forget the exciting trial of Madame Baptiste.

How Joseph Morley, a youth of sixteen, killed Mrs. Martha Bodger, with whom he lodged at Dagenham, in the County of Essex, in 1887, and why.

A Youthful Murderer

"Killed!
She I killed? I did so; but thou strikest me
Sorely; to say I did, it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought."
—SHAKESPEARE, "A Winter's Tale," Act V., Sc. 1.

THERE were circumstances connected with the otherwise sordid Dagenham tragedy which removed it from the commonplace. The extreme youth of the delinquent and the apparent absence of all adequate motive for the crime have sufficed to make this village murder somewhat memorable. There must surely be something abnormal about the youthful country lout of sixteen who, having no preconceived idea of murder, suddenly resolves to kill under circumstances which make his ultimate detection and punishment as sure and certain as death itself.

Thomas Morley was a youth of this type. His case is interesting if only because it opens the question of responsibility. We are not at liberty to assume that this promising young man was in reality a lunatic of homicidal tendencies; for the law, it is presumable, would have stepped in and preserved his worthless life if it had not been convinced of his perfect sanity. Yet, reading the details of his horrid crime, it is hardly possible to believe that he was mentally sound. Sane people, like the well-known character in one of Ibsen's plays, "do not do these things." Murder with a motive is comprehensible. Murder without a motive—well, that way madness lies.

The fact is—and it has not yet received due attention from those whose duty it is to study the criminal in all his forms—there exists in a certain type of ill-balanced mind an inclination or premonition towards sudden crime which is almost irresistible. Years may pass before the homicidal tendencies reveal themselves. Opportunity or occasion may be lacking, and the embryo murderer mixes with his fellow-men and is regarded by them as a perfectly harmless and good-natured being. Then, of a sudden, he is seized with a desire to slay. There is the victim, here the knife, and the deed is done!

At the trial of Morley, he was credited by those whose business it was to make out the case for the Crown with two possible motives. It was suggested firstly that the victim had inspired the murderer with a lustful passion, and that she had repulsed him, and, secondly, that he owed her

money. Nothing was established by the evidence to give weight to either theory. It is true that Morley, in his confession, made some reference to his being in the debt of the deceased, but this was not confirmed by the victim's husband, and all the circumstances justify one in believing that this lad killed the woman because he felt impelled, by some secret, sudden impulse, to shed blood. The cynic may say that such an individual is as well hanged as anything else. Society has no need of him. The world is considerably better off without him. But the law demands that an irresponsible murderer should end his days at Broadmoor in peace and plenty. We venture to think that such should, in justice, have been the fate of Joseph Morley.

Mrs. Martha Bodger resided with her husband at Beale's Cottages, Dagenham, in the county of Essex. She was a young woman—about twenty-five years old, living on excellent terms with her better half, and, being an agreeable, comely person, on pretty good terms with everybody else. Bodger himself was at the time of this occurrence employed at Hainault Lodge, whither he was in the habit of going every working morning at about six. Joseph Morley, who got a living as a blacksmith in the village, was at that time not quite seventeen, and he lodged with Mr. and Mrs. Bodger, with whom he had been about two months. His parents were poor but respectable people, and he himself seems to have borne a very fair character with the Dagenham villagers.

On October 11th, 1887, Mr. Bodger rose at four o'clock in the morning, having some whitewashing job to complete. At a quarter before six he went to the bedroom he shared with his wife in the front of the house, and took her up a cup of tea, she being then in good spirits and perfectly well. He kissed her and said "good-bye," and did not see her alive again. It was just six o'clock when he left the bedroom, and on going below he found young Morley sitting at the table in the kitchen putting his breakfast into a handkerchief prior to going to work. They exchanged a few words, and Bodger left him with a cheerful good morning and proceeded to his work. About half-past seven a neighbour named Bryant came to Hainault Lodge and told him to "go home at once, as there was something wrong there." The poor man made the best of his way homewards, and was met with the news that his young wife had been foully murdered. He found, on arrival at the house, that the outer door, front and back, had been fastened, and the keys removed, but he broke a pane of glass, and effecting an entrance, proceeded upstairs to his bedroom. The door of this room was open, although he remembered to have shut it on leaving, and an unnatural stillness prevailed throughout the premises. He almost dreaded to enter the room, but went in at last, and discovered his wife lying across the bed, outside the sheets and blankets. Her nightdress was much disarranged, and the lower part of the body exposed to view. With horror, the poor man saw that her feet were hanging helplessly down over the edge of the bed, and that there was a frightful gash in her throat. "My little child," said the bereaved husband and father at the trial, "about six months old, was lying near my wife's head, and her arm was under the baby, which was not injured, but was smiling."

CRIED OUT, 'HE HAS KILLED MY WIFE!"

Appalled at this spectacle, Bodger remained motionless for a few moments, and then, recovering his presence of mind, rushed below and gave the alarm to the neighbours. They flocked to the house, and the police and a doctor were sent for. Bodger himself seems to have suspected Morley from the moment of discovering the body, and he immediately went in search of him. The youth was engaged on his work at the shop of a Mr. Messent, and when the infuriated husband arrived, he found the former and Morley together.

He at once rushed at the latter, and, seizing him by the wrists, cried out, "He has killed my wife!" Mr. Messent stared at him amazed, and said, "No, Jim"; but Bodger shook Morley furiously, and said, "Yes, he has." Messent then sent for a Mr. Drake, of Hainault Oak, and the four men proceeded to the scene of the tragedy. The two former went up to the bedroom, where the body was still lying, and Morley was left with the husband, who was now a little calmer, and able to put some restraint on his rage.

All this time Morley was protesting his innocence of the crime, but circumstances looked black against him, and he was arrested and charged with the murder.

The trial came on before Mr. Justice Field, at Chelmsford, on Tuesday, November 1st, 1887. Mr. Forrest Fulton, M.P., and Mr. Ernest Beard conducted the case for the prosecution, and Mr. Ogle defended, the prisoner pleading "Not guilty." The prisoner's appearance conduced to some sensation as he was brought into court. Announced as just seventeen years of age, he looked even less, being only five feet high, and of very slight build. His face was as clean and devoid of anything like a moustache as that of a six-months-old baby, and he looked more stupid than criminal.

Inspector Wells produced plans of the cottage where the Bodgers resided, and then James Meers Bodger was called, and gave an account of his proceedings on the day of the murder. He stated that he had a razor which he last used on the Sunday morning prior to his wife's death, and had then placed it on the top of the cupboard in the kitchen. Only Morley—besides the deceased—could have known where this razor was. It was produced in court—the blade much stained with blood—and the witness identified it as his property. The handle of the razor was broken when produced in court, and witness declared that it was not broken when he last saw it. In cross-examination Bodger said that he found his wife's purse in the pocket of her dress untouched. He added that they had never quarrelled with the prisoner, had always been on good terms with him, and that he had had no reason to complain of Morley's conduct towards his wife.

Emma Mansfield deposed that she lived next door to Mrs. Bodger, and on the morning of this event she was in the front bedroom, and overheard screams coming from the adjoining tenement. She was unable to say whether the cries came from a man or a woman, but they continued for quite a minute. She got out of bed in alarm, and looking out of the window, observed Mr. Bryant and his niece in the front garden. Bryant went into the Bodgers' front garden, and tried to open the door, but it was evidently fastened from the inside.

Thomas Bryant also lived next door to the deceased. He declared that he was at breakfast on the morning of the murder a little after six o'clock, and he heard shrill screams which lasted a minute. He went into the Bodgers' front yard with his niece, and found their front door to be fastened. He shouted out to the last witness that the door was fast. In spite of what he had heard, Bryant went back and leisurely finished his breakfast, before going to inform Bodger that something was wrong at his cottage.

Henry Simon Barton said that he was going to work a few minutes after six on the morning of October 11th, and saw Morley come out of Bodger's front door. As Bryant and his niece came out of their front garden the prisoner was just turning the corner of the road.

Lydia Butler, a married woman, living next to Mr. Messent, was called to Bodger's cottage by the witness Mrs. Mansfield, and got there before Messent and Drake arrived. She found the body in the state described. She discovered the handle of the razor at the foot of the bed, and the blade, after laying the body out, under a strip of carpet; it was covered with fresh blood.

Frank Messent gave evidence that the prisoner was in his employ. On the morning in question he came to work at 6.30, although six was his regular hour, and the witness noticed nothing unusual in his manner. They went to the cottage in the manner described by Bodger, and when the witness came down from viewing the body he noticed a spot of blood about the size of a florin on the prisoner's coat. He remarked, "Joe, this looks rather bad for you," but the prisoner did not reply. The witness then asked him, "Have you murdered this woman?" and Morley replied, "No, I didn't, Frank." Messent said, "If you know anything about it, say so." The prisoner's right forefinger was cut, and, asked to explain, he said, "This was done through falling off my bike last evening." Blood was then discovered on the prisoner's right sleeve, and the witness kept guard over him till the police came.

Dr. J. W. Jameson, surgeon, of Chigwell Row, said that he found deceased as described. The cause of death was loss of blood through severance of the jugular vein, and there must have been four distinct cuts at the throat. The witness here handed his notes taken at the time to the judge, which detailed a number of wounds on the head of the woman and cuts upon her hands and wrists, as if she had closed them over a sharp instrument. An examination was made of the prisoner's bedroom, and two or three spots of blood were found on the carpet inside the door, on the door-handle inside, and bloodstains on the door leading from the kitchen to the washhouse. Outside the cottage, and in the direction of Messent's smithy, and about twenty-five paces down the road, was seen some blood-stained expectoration. The prisoner was searched that same morning, and some smears of blood were found on the breast and back of his coat. One of the policemen asked, "How came this?" and the prisoner replied, showing his cut finger, "I suppose it's from this," and explained that he had fallen off a bicycle. Blood was found on this finger and on the thumb-nails of both hands, while there was a smear of blood behind the right ear. The prisoner, after arrest, had been taken to Barkingside Police-station, by Inspector Sanders. Inspector Cudmore produced Morley's handkerchief, which had been washed, evidently quite recently, when he took it.

Police-constable Sell stated that he accompanied the inspectors and the prisoner to the lock-up, and that on his way there the prisoner said, "I have done nothing to be ashamed of."

No witnesses were called for the defence, and Mr. Ogle addressed the jury on behalf of the prisoner, and did his best for him in circumstances of great difficulty. He enlarged upon the absence of all motive, and suggested that the deed was done by some tramp who had forced an entrance after Morley had left the cottage. The judge summed up briefly and impartially, and the jury, after deliberating for a few seconds only, returned into court with the only possible verdict, "Guilty."

Morley looked pale and anxious as the judge pronounced sentence of death, but made no remark, and was hurried below. Before his execution the prisoner made some sort of a statement and confessed his guilt. He said that he had always been fond of reading the reports of murders, and that he was much excited by the account of the murder of the vicar of Crittingham by his curate. He added that he "owed some money," and, not being able to pay her, he suddenly decided to kill Mrs. Bodger, and that he did so with her husband's razor.

Morley suffered death at Chelmsford on Monday, November 21, 1887, less than six weeks after the deed. Berry was the executioner, and it is recorded that the prisoner was deathly pale and groaned most horribly on his way to the scaffold. Death was instantaneous.

A Gretna Green Marriage.

MR. EDWARD GIBBON WAKEFIELD was tried at Lancaster in 1827, for the abduction of Miss Ellen Turner, an heiress, and for having married her at Gretna Green. David Laing, the village blacksmith, who married the couple, gave evidence as follows:

"What did you do when these two gentlemen and one lady sent for you?"

"Why, I joined them, and then got the lady's address, where she came from, and the party's, I believe."

"What did they do then?"

"Why, the gentlemen wrote down their names, and the lady gave way to it."

"In fact, you married them after the usual way?"

"Yes, yes; I married them after the Scotch form—that is, by putting the ring on the lady's finger, and that way."

"Were they both agreeable?"

"Oh, yes; I joined their hands as man and wife."

"Was that the whole ceremony?"

"I wished them well, shook hands with them, and, as I said, they then both embraced each other very agreeably."

"What else did you do?"

"I think I told the lady that I generally had a present from 'em, as it be, of such a thing as money to buy a pair of gloves, and she gave me with her own hand a £20 Bank of England note to buy them."

"Where did she get the note?"

"How do I know?"

"What did the gentleman say to you?"

"He did nothing to me, but I did to him, what I have done to many before—that is, you must know, to join them together, join hands, and so on. I bargained many in that way; and she was perfectly agreeable, and made no objections."

"Did the gentleman and lady converse freely with you?

"Oh, yes! He asked me what sort of wine they had a Linton's house, and I said they had three kinds with the best of champagne. He asked me which I would take, and I said champagne. And so, when they went into another room to dine, I finished the wine, and then off I came. I returned, and saw them in the very best of comfortable spirits."

A WELSHMAN, coming into London to pursue a suit at law, stole a pig, for which he was taken and burnt in the hand. His friends asked him, when he arrived home, how the law went with him. "Preddie well," said he, "for hur has got hur in hur hand."

The JUDGE and JURY

PART VI.

ADMISSIONS AND CONFESSIONS.

THERE is generally a considerable amount of give and take on both sides in an ordinary trial. Little things of no consequence are not disputed. In the Lefroy case the prosecution took considerable pains to anticipate any quibbles on the part of the defence with reference to various sizes of hats.

As a general rule a confession is not admissible as evidence against anybody else than the person confessing. But a confession made by one accomplice in the presence of another is admissible to show that the latter remained mute and never repudiated the truth of what the confessor confessed. It does not prove that the confession was true. To be admissible as evidence a confession must be voluntary, and the circumstances under which it is made must always be given in evidence. It is not considered to be voluntary if it is shown to have been induced by any promise, threat, or benefit from a magistrate or other person in authority or concerned in the charge, and having reference to the charge against the accused person, whether addressed to him directly or brought to his knowledge indirectly. Thus when A was tried for murdering B, a handbill issued by the Secretary of State, promising a reward and pardon to any accomplice who would confess, was brought to A, who, under the influence of hope of pardon made a confession. It was held (R. v. Boswell) that the confession was not voluntary.

But a confession is not involuntary simply because it would seem to have been caused by the exhortations of people in authority to make it as a matter of religious duty, or by an inducement collateral to the proceedings, or by inducements held out by a person having nothing to do with the apprehension, prosecution, or examination of the prisoner. Thus A being charged with the murder of B, the chaplain of the gaol read the Commination Service to A, and exhorted him on religious grounds to confess his sins. A, in consequence, made a confession, and it was ruled that this confession was voluntary. So, again, a confession made by a prisoner to a gaoler in consequence of a promise made by the gaoler that the prisoner should be allowed an interview with his wife, if he confessed, would be admissible in evidence. In short, to render a confession involuntary, the inducement must refer to the prisoner's escape from the criminal charge against him, and must be made by some person having power to relieve him, wholly or partially, from the consequences of that charge.

If a confession is made after all impression is removed of any inducement, threat, or promise, it is held to be a voluntary confession. Thus A, accused of murdering B, is spoken to by C, a magistrate, who promises to do his best with the Secretary of State by way of obtaining a pardon in case of confession. C is informed that no pardon can be granted, and tells A. In spite of that, A confesses. It is decided (R. v. Clewes) that this was a voluntary confession.

Facts discovered in consequence of a confession improperly obtained, and so much of the confession as relates to those facts, may be given in evidence. Thus A, accused of burglary, makes a confession under an inducement which prevents its being voluntary. Part of it is that A had thrown a lantern into a certain pond; the fact that he had said so, and the fact that the lantern was found in the pond in consequence may be stated as evidence.

Of course it is glaringly wrong to endeavour to extort a confession by fraud, or under the promise of secrecy. We can't think much of those Salvation Army folks who induced some Kentish youths to confess a murder to them, for there is apt to be a confusion between the "Seal of the Confessional" in the Roman Catholic Church, and something similar in a presumed confidential statement made to Hallelujah lasses. However, if a confession is otherwise admissible as evidence, it does not become inadmissible merely because it was made under a promise of secrecy, or in consequence of a deception practised on the accused for the purpose of obtaining it, or when he was drunk, or because it was made in answer to questions, whether put by a magistrate, officer, or private person, or because he was not warned that he was not bound to make the confession, and that evidence of it might be given against him.

If a confession is given in evidence, the whole of it must be given, and not merely the parts disadvantageous to the accused person.

Evidence amounting to a confession may be used as such against the person who gives it, though it was given on oath, and though the proceeding in which it was given had reference to the same subject-matter as the proceeding in which it can be used, and though the witness might have refused to answer the questions put to him; but if after refusing to answer such questions, the witness is improperly compelled to answer, his replies are not a voluntary confession. Thus A was charged with maliciously wounding B. C had been previously charged before the magistrates with that offence, and A swore: "It was I who did it." A's deposition was accepted as evidence against himself at the trial.

Leaves from Our Notebook.

Too Confident.

A CERTAIN murderer about to be put upon his trial was strongly confident of an acquittal, although the evidence against him seemed convincing to everybody else.

He was measured for a new suit, and kept it ready to wear as soon as ever the trial was over and he should be released. He even ordered a carriage to be in waiting outside the gaol to convey him to his home immediately after the verdict. When the jury returned into court with their decision—guilty—he turned to one of the warders and said mournfully, "I shall not want that carriage now."

He Excited Their Sympathy.

A MAN named Walter Robbins was tried in August, 1820, for the murder of a farmer, at Danbury, Connecticut, U.S.A. He was defended by Mr. Patrick Henry, the illustrious American lawyer, and "orator of nature."

The character of the accused was a bad one, and there was great local prejudice against him. The trial occupied fourteen hours, and Mr. Henry so moved the jury by his eloquence, obtained such power over them, and painted so pathetically the grief and anguish of the aged parents of the accused, winding up with, "Where is our son? What have you done with him?" that they quite lost sight of the murder in their sympathy for the parents, and melted to tears as Henry painted their distress. The result was that they found the prisoner guilty of manslaughter only.

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

M. A. F.—M. Deibler, the French executioner, retired in December, 1898, after forty years' service.

HYANSING.—The *official* mode of execution in China is beheading, but high offenders are sometimes permitted to strangle themselves.

MUSCOVITE.—The punishment of the knout is not intended to cause death. Russian justice is satisfied with crippling and maiming the sinner.

J. P.—George Nairns is the man you refer to. He was publicly hanged at Calcutta on July 24, 1880, for killing a native policeman.

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